

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom: but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 211.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1821.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Rome in the Nineteenth Century; &c. &c. In a Series of Letters written during a Residence at Rome, in the Years 1817 and 1818. Edinburgh, 1820. 3 vols. 12mo.

We are so entirely in the habit of treating our readers with sincerity, that we have no hesitation in stating, that the following view of the work, whose title we have just set down, can hardly be considered our own beyond the mere selection of a few marked extracts. We have had barely time to glance over the volumes and peruse, perhaps, to the extent of one in the three. What we have read has amused us, though we met with several new accounts of familiar subjects. The style, however, appears to be lively, and the matter well chosen. To exemplify which, and reserving any thing like criticism for another occasion, we present specimens from each of these tomes.

"The Viminal Hill is to me terra incognita. It is, or was, situated between the Esquiline and the Quirinal; and I suppose, 'If it be not gone, it must be there still.' But I have already confessed my incapacity to discern it, and after the most diligent scrutiny, I have been able to discover nothing, that, by any latitude of interpretation, can be construed into the least resemblance to a hill. The truth is, that it has sustained between its two puissant neighbours, (the Esquiline and the Quirinal) that extinction which a small state sometimes suffers between two large ones. It has received from them a martyrdom of rather a different description to that which St. Lawrence underwent upon its some centuries before—a fact which I have the best authority for asserting—viz. that of the saint himself. At least, an Italian Count, who always talks to me in English, told me, that 'San Lorenzo did say among his acts, that he was heated up, on a gridiron in the Baths of Olympiate, fitch fare on the Hill Viminal, fare now stands his church of de bread and de ham.'"

"Now, as the Count, and all the antiquarians, maintain that this church of *de bread and de ham*, or *S. Lorenzo in panis perna*—so called, I believe, from the doles of bread and ham dealt out to the poor at the convent door—stands upon the Viminal; and, as it seems, St. Lorenzo,—who certainly ought to know best,—says himself he was broiled alive there, I comfort myself with the conviction, that, when I was at that church, I must, unknown to myself, have seen, and even stood upon that mount, though, to ordinary eyes, the said church seems rather to be in a hollow than upon a hill.

"The Viminal, wherever it was, is said to have been so called from the altar of Jovis Vimineo, that stood upon it, or, perhaps, the altar received its name from the hill, and the hill from the osiers, that perhaps grew upon it, which one passage, in an ancient author, seems to render probable; or perhaps, it bore some allusion to Vimen, the caduceus of Mercury. The etymology is dubious, and has been the subject of much discussion; its obvious derivation from Collis Viminalis, the Hill of Osiers,—the most satisfactory and reasonable,—perhaps, on that account, is not admitted by the generality of antiquaries.

"We must now bend our steps to the Quirinal, which, like the Viminal and Esquiline, was added to Rome by Servius Tullius; for although ancient writers relate, that Numa had a house upon this mount, which we are gravely assured by modern antiquarians stood immediately behind the present Barberini Palace, it was not considered a part of the city till enclosed within the Tullian walls. The Temple of Romulus Quirinus, from which it derives its name, was built by Numa, and Nardini fancies that it stood nearly on the spot now occupied by the pretty little church of S. Andrea Gesuiti. The pretended steps to the Temple of Romulus Quirinus, now at Ara Coeli, Fulvius says, were made from the marble belonging to a temple on this part of the Quirinal; so that, though the marble is ancient, it would seem that the steps are modern.

"The Quirinal is the only one of the Seven Hills that is populous. It is covered with noble palaces, churches, streets, and fountains. It has too many modern buildings to boast many ancient ones. The vestiges of Constantine's Baths, in the garden of the Colonna Palace, and a part of those of Diocletian, which were built both on this and the invisible Viminal Hill, are, I think, the only remains of antiquity we see over its whole extent.

"In the ruins of the Baths of Constantine were found the two grand colossal groups of a Young Man and Horse, which now stand before the Pope's Palace, on the summit of this hill, and from which are derived its modern name of Monte Cavallo, an appellation which is still the most in general use, although a recent feeling of classical taste has revived the ancient one of the Quirinal.

"If the inscriptions on these statues be genuine, they are the works of Phidias and Praxiteles; and the antiquarians, who always contrive to blunder even where it would seem to be impossible, by an absurd anachronism, pronounced them to be rival groups of these two great masters, representing Alexander and Bucephalus; al-

though the Athenian sculptor was dead before the Macedonian hero or his horse was born.

"They are now supposed to represent Castor and Pollux, and are still believed to be by Phidias and Praxiteles. They are certainly extremely spirited and grand in their conception, but destitute of finish; and, more than all, of that high pre-eminence of perfection which ought to mark the works of the first of sculptors. Their resemblance is so close in style, that one would be tempted to consider them works of the same age, if not of the same artist; and they approximate so nearly in design, that one might almost be permitted to hesitate before pronouncing them to be productions of masters so great, yet so totally dissimilar. It must at least be acknowledged that Praxiteles has made but a very slavish copy from the groupe of his great predecessor.

"But any one who has studied the undoubted works of Phidias, in the Elgin Marbles, or felt the beauty of the masterpieces of Praxiteles, even in their ancient copies, will perhaps require something more to convince him that these groupes are the work of either of these great masters, than an inscription, the antiquity of which is dubious, and which, even if admitted, may, like half the inscriptions on ancient sculpture, be false.

"To me, it scarcely seems that their excellence is sufficient to have induced the Romans to bring groupes of such colossal size from Greece; neither is it probable such a circumstance would have passed unnoticed by ancient writers; and if they were executed at Rome, it is certain that Phidias, at least, never came there to make them.

"But, whether or not the works of these great masters, they are fine pieces of sculpture, and are placed to great advantage on the summit of the Quirinal Hill. It would be in vain now to look for its three summits, the Collis Salutaris, the Collis Mutialis, and the Collis Latialis, since one only can now be distinguished; and which of the three that is, we have no means of ascertaining.

"I might, very much to your annoyance, and very little to your information, make a long and learned dissertation upon the multiplicity of ancient temples, baths, basilicas, circuses, porticos, and all the various descriptions of buildings that once covered it; but the catalogues that have come down to our times are chiefly of the degraded period of the empire; and the monuments of those days, when Rome had women for senators, and effeminate boys for emperors, could not be very interesting, even if they were less obscure. We may therefore regret the less that all traces of Heliogabalus's female Senate-house, and of buildings of a still less

credible description, have vanished; but there is one remembrance that can never pass away—it is, that the house of the Scipios was upon this hill. It is thought to have stood where are now the Colonna Palace and gardens; and there is still a little street, called *Vico de' Corneli*, which we cannot but believe derives its name from the habitation of that illustrious race. But this is a dangerous subject for me, and I will not venture upon it, but at once conclude this hasty sketch of the last of the Seven Hills of Rome."—*Vol. 1.*

"The frescos, with which the rival pencils of Domenichino and Guido adorned the Chapel of St. Andrew, are at the Convent of St. Gregory, on the Caelian Hill, which we visited the other day. We stopped upon the steps to contemplate the dark masses of ruin heaped on the Palatine; the melancholy beauty of the cypress with which they were bleaded, the majestic arches of the Aqueduct crossing the Via Sacra, and the grandeur of the mighty Coliseum. The deserted site of Ancient Rome lay before us; the gigantic monuments of her fallen magnificence were spread around us; wild weeds waved over the palaces of her Emperors, and the unbroken solitude that reigned through her once busy scenes, stole over the fancy, with feelings of deeper interest than the picturesque combinations of the prospect alone could have awakened."

"There is a statue of St. Gregory sitting in his pontifical robes, and very stately he looks. It is said to have been begun by Michael Angelo, who could never persuade himself to finish it; and I cannot wonder at it; for Popes, even when they happen to be saints, are but hopeless subjects for statuary."

"I was, however, pleased to see the likeness of this extraordinary pontiff, who was favoured with the sight of an archangel, on the top of the Castle St. Angelo,—with the company of an angel at dinner,—with the attendance of the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, at his ear, and with the love of the ladies. Certainly, a personage so blessed with the favours of angels and women, deserved to be sainted among men. The old walls of his house lay scattered about, and are preserved with great care."

"We had scarcely come away from seeing this Pope in marble, before we met another in reality. We were proceeding along the ancient Via Triumphalis, that leads from the Church of St. Gregory to the Coliseum, when the coachman observing to us, 'Viene il Papa,' drew up close by the side of the road, and stopped. His Holiness was preceded by a detachment of the 'Guarda Nobile,' who, as soon as they came up with our open caleshe, commanded us in no very gentle voice, to get out of the carriage. But ———, whose spirit did not at all relish this mandate, nor the tone in which it was uttered, manifested no intention to comply, and our servant, with true Italian readiness at a lie, declared we were *Forestieri*, who did not understand Italian. The officers resolved to make us understand something else, repeated the order, and began to flourish their swords about our ears. But ——— sat with

more inflexible resolution than ever, and all that was John Bull in his composition now refused to move. For my part, I make it a rule never to oppose these pointed arguments, and therefore jumped out of the carriage, and purposely contrived to get myself involved amongst the horses and drawn swords of the cavalry, knowing that I was in no real danger, and that ——— would forget his dignity, and come to my assistance, which he accordingly did; but otherwise nothing. I believe, but main force would have got him out of the carriage. We saw the papal procession advance up the Triumphal Way, along which the victorious cars of so many Roman heroes and conquerors had rolled in their day of triumph. His Holiness seemed, however, content with the honours of an ovation, for he was walking on foot, and instead of a myrtle crown, his brows were crowned with a large broad-brimmed scarlet velvet hat, bound with gold lace. This hat he very courteously took off as he passed us, and afterwards made another bow, in return for our courtesies. Our lacquey was on his knees in the dust, and all the Italians we saw, awaited his approach in the same attitude, then prostrated themselves before him to kiss his toe, or rather the gold cross, embroidered in the front of his scarlet shoes. His robes, which descended to his feet, were scarlet; on state occasions he wears no colour but white. He was attended by two cardinals, in their ordinary dress of black, edged with scarlet, followed by a train of servants, and by his coach, drawn by six black horses, the very model of the gilt, scarlet, wooden-looking equipages you may have seen in children's baby-houses. It looked exactly like a large toy."

"The Pope himself is a very fine venerable old man, with a countenance expressive of benignity and pious resignation. His is the very head you would draw for a Pope. I have since frequently met him walking in this manner, on the roads, for exercise, after his early dinner."

"The old King and Queen of Spain, and that iniquitous wretch the Prince of Peace, may be seen every day, at the same hour, about twenty-two or three o'clock, or an hour before sun-set*, taking their accustomed drive, in two large coaches and six. There is a most amusing collection of ex-royalty, of all sorts and kinds,—remnants of old dynasties, and scions of heir legitimates and illegitimates, all jumbled together just now at Rome. Besides the old King and Queen of Spain, there are the Ex-Queen and the young King of Etruria—the abdicated King of Sardinia, turned Jesuit—Louis Buonaparte, the deposed King of Holland, living like a hermit—Lucien Buonaparte, the uncrowned, living like a prince—and Paulina Borghese, his sister, living like ——— but comparisons are odious, and sometimes they may prove scandalous. In this pious pilgrimage of churches, we must think only of

* Time is always reckoned in the south of Italy from the setting of the sun, which is the *quattro ore*,—twenty-four o'clock.—If you ordered your carriage at one o'clock, your coachman would bring it an hour after dark.

the lives of nuns and saints."—*Vol. 2.* * *

"Palaces, to an English ear, convey an idea of all that the imagination can figure of elegance and splendour. But, after a certain residence in Italy, even this obstinate early association is conquered, and the word immediately brings to our mind images of dirt, neglect, and decay. The palaces of Rome are innumerable; but then, every gentleman's house is a palace,—I should say, every nobleman's,—for there are no gentlemen in Italy, except noblemen; society being, as of old, divided into two classes, the Patricians and the Plebeians; but though every gentleman is a nobleman, I am sorry to say, every nobleman is not a gentleman;—neither would many of their palaces be considered by any means fit residences for gentlemen in our country. The legitimate application of the word, which, with us, is confined to a building forming a quadrangle, and inclosing a court within itself, is by no means adhered to here. Every house that has a porte cochere, and many that have not, are called palaces; and, in short, under that high-sounding appellation, are comprehended places, whose wretchedness far surpasses the utmost stretch of an English imagination to conceive."

"Rome, however, contains *real* palaces, whose magnitude and magnificence are astonishing to transalpine eyes; but their tasteless architecture is more astonishing still."

"Though they have the great names of Michael Angelo, Bramante, Versopi, Bernini, &c. &c., among their architects; though they are built of travertine stone, which, whether viewed with the deepened hues of age in the Coliseum, or the brightness of recent finish in St. Peters, is, I think, by far the finest material for building in the world; and though, from the grandeur of their scale, and the prodigality of their decoration, they admitted of grand combinations, and striking effect,—yet they are lamentably destitute of architectural beauty in the exterior; and in the interior, though they are filled with vast ranges of spacious apartments, though the polished marbles and precious spoils of antiquity have not been spared to embellish them, though the Genius of Painting has made them her modern temples, and Sculpture adorned them with the choicest remains of ancient art,—yet they are, generally speaking, about the most inconvenient, unenviable, uncomfortable dwellings, you can imagine."

"I know it may be said, that comfort in England and in Italy is not the same thing; but it never can consist in dullness, dirt, and dilapidation, any where. Italian comfort may not require thick carpets, warm fires, or close rooms; but it can be no worse of clean floors, commodious furniture, and a house in good repair."

"In habitations of such immense size and costly decorations as these, you look for libraries, baths, music rooms, and every appendage of refinement and luxury; but these things are rarely to be found in Italian palaces. If they were arranged and kept up, indeed, with any thing of English pro-

piety, consistency, order, or cleanliness, many of them would be noble habitations; but, in the best of them, you see a barrenness, neglect, an all prevailing look of misery—deficiencies every where—and contemptible meannesses adhering to grasping magnificence. But nothing is so offensive as the dirt. Amongst all the palaces, there is no such thing as a palace of cleanliness. You see,—and that is not the worst,—you smell, abominable dunghills, heaped up against the walls of splendid palaces, and foul heaps of ordure and rubbish defiling their columned courts;—you ascend noble marble staircases, whose costly materials are invisible beneath the accumulated filth that covers them; and you are sickened with the noisome odours that assail you at every turn. You pass through long suites of ghastly rooms, with a few crazy old tables and chairs, thinly scattered through them, and behold around you nothing but gloom and discomfort.

"The custom of abandoning the ground-floor to menial purposes, except when used for shops, which is almost universal throughout Italy, and covering its windows, both for security and economy, with a strong iron grate, without any glass behind it, contributes to give the houses and palaces a wretched and dungeon-like appearance.

"It is no uncommon thing for an Italian nobleman to go up into the attic of his own palace himself, and to let the principal rooms to lodgers. Proud as he is, he thinks this no degradation; though he would spurn the idea of allowing his sons to follow any profession, save that of arms or of the church. He would sooner see them dependants, flatterers, caves-droppers, spies, gamblers, *cavalieri servanti*, polite rogues of any kind—or even beggars,—than honest merchants, lawyers, or physicians.

"The Fiano Palace has its lower story let out into shops, and its superior ones occupied by about twenty different families—among which, the duke and duchess live in a corner of their own palace.

"It is the same case with more than half the nobles of Rome and Naples. But the Doria, the Borghese, and the Colonna, possess enough of their ancient wealth to support their hereditary dignity, and their immense palaces are filled only with their own families and dependants. Not but that, though lodgings are not let at the Doria Palace, butter is sold there every week, which, in England, would seem rather an extraordinary trade for one of the first noblemen in the land to carry on in his own house. Yet this very butter-selling trade looks down with a species of contempt upon a great British merchant.

"Commerce seems to be no longer respected in Italy—not even in Florence, where its reigning princes were merchants. Yet the proudest Florentine noblemen sell wine, by the flask, at their own palaces. I wonder the profits of this little huckstering trade never induced them to think of entering into larger concerns; that they might have larger returns. I wonder it never led them to remember that commerce was the source of the modern prosperity of Italy. But com-

merce cannot exist without freedom—a truth that princes and people have yet to learn here.

"The palaces of all the ancient Roman nobility have, in the entrance hall, a crimson canopy of state, beneath which, the prince sits on a raised throne to receive his vassals, hear their complaints, redress their grievances, and administer justice. Perhaps I ought to speak in the past, rather than the present tense; but they still exercise a sort of feudal jurisdiction over their numerous tenantry—among whom their will is law.

"Above the door of every palace, upon the escutcheon of the family arms, we seldom fail to see the S. P. Q. R. all that is left of the senate and people of Rome." * *

"The Palazzo Borghese, one of the largest and handsomest palaces in Rome, is now inhabited only by Paulina, the sister of Buonaparte, and the wife of the Prince Borghese, who himself lives constantly at Florence. This building, which would seem large enough to contain some hundreds of people, is, apparently, too small for a single lady; for there is another '*Il Palazzo della Famiglia Borghese*,' to which my unlucky stars once conducted me; and its filth and foul odours have left an uneffaceable impression upon my remembrance. The *famiglia*, in modern as in ancient Roman days, means the servants; and not the domestic servants only, but the tradespeople, all of whom are included in this comprehensive term; and this horrible hole, of which I have been speaking, is inhabited by the artisans who are, as well as by many who are not, employed in the service of the Borghese.

"When a Roman Prince has, or had, a grand entertainment, for such a thing rarely occurs now, all the tailors, shoemakers, joiners, carpenters, upholsterers, smiths, and bellhangers, whom he employed, were dressed out in state liveries, kept for this purpose from generation to generation; and, for the time being, were turned into footmen. Therefore, it was no uncommon thing, on the day of a fete, to see half a hundred livery servants, but if you returned when it was over, you would not find half a dozen.

"It is a literal fact, that, happening to return to the palace of a Roman nobleman rather early on the morning after a ball, in order to inquire after a diamond cross I had lost, I found, in the great hall, piles of livery coats, and the Principessa herself telling them over."—*Vol. 3.*

History of the Causes and Effects of the Confederation of the Rhine. By the Marquis Lucchesini. From the Italian, by John D. Dwyer. London, 1821. 8vo. pp. 395.

The statesman-like view which the Marquis Lucchesini takes of this important league, would recommend his work to a brief notice, even were it strictly political; but as it is largely historical, we feel its stronger claim upon us for an opinion and record. Yet we shall allot only a small space to this purpose; for though politics,

speaking in the true sense of the word, and not as signifying party or factious contests, is perhaps the second noblest study of mankind, it is also one which requires too much and too grave discussion, to be usefully investigated in a publication like ours. We leave it therefore to our daily and weekly contemporaries, who, if they do not treat it as a science, at least make a farce of it; and if they do not beat much of the grain out of the sheaf, at any rate raise a dence of a clatter with their flails among the chaff.

The confederation of the Rhine is here viewed in connection with all the wars, negotiations, and treaties which spring out of the French revolution, and led to that remarkable arrangement. On a minor scale it may be considered as having been experimental, and founded on the same principle which forms the basis of the grand alliance of our day, called in honour by its friends, and in derision by its enemies, the Holy Alliance. The origin of this species of association may be traced, if we remember rightly, to the period of Henri Quatre; and it was forcibly revived between 1790 and 1800, by a book printed at Vienna, (immediately suppressed) and written under the title of the *Cosmopolite Sirach*. Our author however, only takes up the proximate causes, and it is but justice to say that he treats them in a very able manner, though evidently a partizan of the Prussian cabinet, and consequently a defender of that system of neutrality, which, as we think, paved the way to the domination of the Gallic republic, and the more potent empire which superseded it.

Not inclined to pursue this investigation into details, we shall content ourselves with mentioning a few of the facts stated by the Marquis, which appear to us, from their novelty or interest, to be worthy of selection as specimens of the work. After the peace of Campoformio, (1797) the plenipotentiaries met at Rastadt, and he says—

"It was then that the web which had been artfully woven in the loom of these deep negotiations began gradually to unravel itself. Sometime afterwards, there were persons who asserted that, when the ancient patrimony of the houses of Visconti and of Sforza had been offered as a tribute to the ambition of Bonaparte, he answered that, 'if he had a thirst for regal power, there was a vacant throne in France to which he could aspire.' But, however this may be, it is certain that the Emperor, not being able to recede from the secret assent he had given at Campoformio to the encroachments of the Republic upon the territories of the empire, the new frontier-line between France and Germany could no longer be kept concealed from the public."

The Egyptian Expedition is assigned to a different motive from that generally received as its foundation.

"The despotic magistrates of France, seeking to preserve their tottering power by ungodly ferocity, brought the tyranny and terror of the National Convention to reign with them in the palace of the Luxembourg, where they appeared more anxious to deprive General Bonaparte of the command

of the conquering army of Italy, than to dispute any longer with him the glory of being the pacificator of Campoformio. They agreed however to the ratification of the Treaty, without caring much whether, in giving it effect, any inconvenience or difficulty was to be encountered; it being hitherto a matter of doubt with them if it would not be better to suspend the war than to confirm the peace. At the same time the Directory formed the design of removing, with the expedition to Egypt, the troublesome renova of their ambitious adversary. His unexpected appearance in Paris, served as a pretext for a design to strike England with the terror of an invasion by an army under Bonaparte; while, with the display of artillery, military stores, and fire-arms, demonstrations were made in the ports immediately opposite that island. But, be this as it may, it is certain that, after the dissolution of the Congress of Rastadt, the heads of the Republic did not consider it of any great importance that the French plenipotentiaries should scrupulously observe the promises they had made at that Assembly."

We are informed that the first mention of a description of force which afterwards took so mighty a part in the affairs of Europe, viz. the *Landsturm*, occurred in a treaty between Mr. Wickham the British Ambassador, and the Elector of Mentz, in April 1800.

The hostility and hatred of the Emperor Paul to the English, during the latter years of his life, were, it is asserted "occasioned by the commander of the English army having imprudently abandoned 10,000 Russian auxiliaries to the French in the Texel, in the autumn of 1799."

When the French first threatened Hanover, it is stated, that "the King of Prussia offered the court of London to take possession of that state till the conclusion of peace, tendering at the same time a sufficient guarantee for its security and independence. The only return he required for this favour was, that the Prussian flag should, with the consent of the English government, be entitled to all the privileges which the maritime power of England had contended for during the war, with respect to neutrals. But he could not succeed in giving a feasible colour to his design." And when the Prussian monarch insisted on, and obtained the release of our Minister Rumbold, who had been seized on neutral territory and conveyed to Paris—

"The King of Prussia has made me pass an uneasy half-hour, but I shall repay him with interest," was the Emperor's reply to those who expressed their surprise at his yielding to the demands of the Prussian monarch.

Interspersed with such anecdotes as these, the profound reflections of the writer must conduce to place his book on the shelf of every library where history, politics, or even statistics find place. We have only to add, that it is excellently translated: Mr. Dwyer has performed a very difficult task with great skill, combining ease with fidelity, and the spirit of his original with grace in his native language.

POETRY.

[This is the age of versification: we know not how many volumes of first, of juvenile, of humble, of unknown, of indifferent, and of qualified essays in poetry, load our table. Unfortunately for those essayists who possess talents which, perhaps, only require development, this is also the age in which many distinguished bards flourish; and their wide out-spreading trees kill in the shade the lesser shrubs that fain would branch and blossom below. Not to be among the foremost is now to be nothing; there is hardly a medium space between fame and oblivion. We feel disposed, under these considerations, to make a brief record of the minor publications: our readers who expect from us no selection but of what is notoriously eminent, will we are sure suffer an appeal to come to their feelings, and spare a column or two occasionally to those whose efforts might otherwise complain of being treated with utter neglect.]

Hofer, and other Poems. By Charles Edwards. London, 1820. small 12mo. pp. 78.

Blurred by many of the imperfections of unpractised composition, Hofer contains not a few highly poetical thoughts, which in the hands of a more skilful master, might have been shaped into vigorous form, and polished into dazzling beauty. The story of Hofer is told by a Tyrolean emigrant, wandering from his country with his guitar and taught birds in a cage at his back, to earn a subsistence in other lands. He sings, of course, the struggles of his native hills; and it is ludicrously added—

And at each little pause of voice and hand,
The feathered songsters warbled forth their cry,
Making a chorus of rich minstrelsy.

The song which follows is affected, and quite at odds with that truth and simplicity, in which true poetry consists; for neither the sun, nor the lark, nor the rose, could feel for the martyr, whereas there were in reality many a natural sympathy excited, of which the writer might have availed himself, as susceptible of the deepest pathos—

When Hofer fell by Tyrol's foe,
Why did the sun in heaven roll;
Unless to tell, its lovely glow
Ushered to heaven a kindred soul?

When sorrow lowered upon the brave,
Why did the lark ascend the sky;
Unless in music's voice it gave,
To realms of bliss, a hero's sigh?

Why did the rose by Mantua's wall
Drop a tear on that sad morrow;
Unless to tell, a brave man's fall
Gave to nature's self a sorrow?

The approach of the patriot to the scaffold, is of a different order.

He comes! he comes!
And came he with a heavy eye?
And walked he with unsteady feet?
Did not his big breast heave the sigh?
Did not his heart with terror beat?
Firm, as a god on earth, he strode—
Bright, as an eagle's, shone his eye—
His heart displayed the strong abode
Of virtue and of constancy.

An apostrophe to liberty breathes noble sentiments, and concludes with a fine comparison; but the composition is crude and unmusical.

Oh, Liberty! Liberty! who would not die,
In thy records to live eternally?
Oh, Liberty! Liberty! thine is the wreath
That flames o'er the scene of a warrior's death;
Hallows the sod of a soldier's grave,
And plays o'er the land of the good and the brave.

Though the mighty come forth in their pride,
And nations be swept from the land,
For ever the names of thy patriot band
In the volume of Fame shall abide.
Like Sicily's mountain whose fires never die,
Thy presence on earth is confest;
A beacon of wrath when it flames on high,
And a mighty fear when at rest.
Like thee it awakes from its terrible sleep,
And o'er the dark rock and the green valley
sweeps.

The same character of happy ideas ill-expressed, may be given to the following, on the grief created by the tale of Hofer's fate.

Be not surprised that tears are stealing
Down the cheek of your minstrel guest;
For see I not a kindred feeling
Within your own bright eyes expressed?
Nay—let them trickle silent down,
They will become an honest cheek:
Worthier to kings than blazing crown,
Are tears that Pity's grief bespeak.
Richer the tear to valour shed,
Than costly monument:
Sweeter than flowrets' odorous scent,
Are sighs to virtue dead.
When the bright joys of hope are gone,
And recollection lives alone,
What can so well the wretched cheer,
As the blest balm of Pity's tear?
When friends and comrades fall away,
Or sickness shrouds life's closing day—
What soothes the weight of heart-sick sorrow,
And gives its hope of fairer morrow?
Those holy gifts bestowed from heaven,
The sigh and tear by virtue given.

These examples must suffice for Hofer. The next poem is 'Leander,' and paints the wreck of that aquatic lover. The best part of it is descriptive of him when sinking beneath the fury of the tempest.

The stormy petrel sings
Above Leander's head—
The troubled ocean flings
The dark weed from her bed.
Leander marks the dark clouds fly—
He feels the huge wave fling him higher—
Around his head the thunders cry—
Before him flames a sea of fire!
But what can stop the career of youth,
When the cause is beauty and maiden truth?
"I smile at the lightnings that shine through
the gloom,
For they point out the way to my Hero's home—
I scorn the rain-drops, for a maiden fair
Shall soon wring the dew from my curling hair—
I heed not the wild wind's tempestuous cry,
Leander shall soon hear a sweeter sigh—
I frown on yon billows, ye hide from my sight
The little lone taper of friendly light—
Ah, again it appears; oh, blessings betide it!—
Nay—nay, ye dark billows, again do ye hide it!"
Up to the sky, down to the sand,
The tumbling waters roll;
A whirlwind shakes the solid land;
The thunders fly from pole to pole—
Where is the human power to save
Leander from a watery grave!
When the corpse of her lover is thrown

ashore, the catastrophe of Hero is thus forcibly drawn.

She rushes to the dark tower's height—
She waves the wild torch o'er her head—
Down, down she takes her maddening flight,
The billow is her bridal bed!
Like a destroying angel from the skies,
Down from the dreadful height she flies!

The billows rolled in restless play,
And yawned to take their lovely prey—
The wild winds sent a mighty yell,
As down the hapless maiden fell—
The thunders shook the vaulted sky,
And sang a dreadful lullaby.

Mr. Edwards has added a few short pieces, but they possess no great merit.

2. *Iona: and other Poems.* London, 1819.
8vo. pp. 60.

We cannot gather whether these poems are the production of a masculine or feminine pen; though the latter seems probable, from the concluding stanza of *Iona*. This poem paints the death of Duncu, a Scottish chief, at Bannockburn, and the consequent insanity of his bride Edith. It is deformed by so tremendous an anachronism as a comparison about the hydrangea in Scotland A. D. 1314; by such a rhyme as 'gone' and 'mourn'; and by such a geographical blunder, as making the Tweed groan with lifeless trunks, from a battle fought in the county of Stirling. It is true the English fled to Berwick, but there was no slaughter there. Yet there are some fair passages in this poem; the dying hero gives

With icy hands that stiffened to the gale,
a locket to be conveyed to Edith by a follower.

And the following, from among the shorter poems, will convey an adequate idea of the taste and powers of the writer.

The Penitent.

Mock not that tear,—'tis all she dare,
'Tis all she can bestow,
'T'atone for faults which bring despair,
To aggravate her woe.
True, she has err'd, yet unforgiven
Let not her errors be;
That mercy lend to her which Heaven,
More hallow'd, lends to thee.

Though seas of blood could scarce avail
Man's empty pardon to obtain,
One single tear-drop can prevail
With God to wipe away the stain.
That tear is shed, that pardon gain'd,
By the fair one who went astray;
The crime which virtue's page had stain'd
Repentance' tear has wash'd away!

3. *Britannia's Cypress.* By John Hartnoll. 12mo. pp. 116.

This writer is of very humble birth. A grateful dedication to the Countess of Morley, and a preface of several pages, betray very glaring faults in style, and show that the author has unfortunately mistaken the pedantic for the expressive; and, in seeking a manner different from that naturally belonging to him, has fallen into the extreme of pedagogical verbiage. We wish so lowly an aspirant well; and therefore say that he must reform this altogether. His attempt,

his principles, and his honest ambition, do him honour: this is "his first offering at the shrine of the muses," and we cite the three stanzas which we like best in his *Cypress*, to the memory of George the third.

Nor virtue, riches, wisdom, pomp, nor sway,
Nor yet ambition can avoid the doom;
Ev'n Monarchs must the powerful voice obey,
And sleep, as subjects, in the silent tomb.

The captivating smile on beauty's cheek,
The ruddy bloom of health, nor ought can save;

Alike the valiant, mighty, and the meek,
'Tread the rough path that "leads but to the grave."

The fierce, and unrelenting grasp of Death,
Not ev'n can pow'r, or wealth, or worth withstand;

Or zealous GEORGE had ne'er resign'd his breath,
And Britain had not been a weeping land.

4. *The Indian, and Lazarus.* London, 1820.
12mo. pp. 100.

The first is a tale of an Indian warrior killed from an ambush; the last, the scriptural story versified. We are compelled to say, that both are dull and imitative. The death-bed of Lazarus affords us an example of the author's best writing.

Is there a sight to touch the heart,
And wake its strongest, tenderest feeling;
That soars o'er man's severer part,
When his stern breast to anguish steeling;
And more than valour earns the wreath?
'Tis woman at the couch of death.
Though deepest she may feel the blow
That tears the sinking sufferer's breast:
More mild his anguish, light his woe,
While her consoling accents flow,
While in her arms he sinks to rest.
Her pitying look, her lovely form,
Watching the sad and slow decay,
Like sun-beam in the wintry storm,
That cheers the mariner's dismay,
When she supports the wearied head,
Receives the parting, quivering breath;
What tears like those of sorrow shed
By woman at the couch of death?

The author makes a sad mistake, in giving the Jew Lazarus christian burial, and performing sepulture in the earth, according to the present practice in England.

CHESS.

Chess rendered familiar by Tabular Demonstrations of the various Positions and Movements, as described by Philidor, with many other critical Situations and Moves; and a concise Introduction to the Game. By T. G. Pohlman. London, 1819. pp. 449.

Chess has long stood pre-eminent among the amusements invented to while away the hours devoted to relaxation from the severer toils of human life; but it has a higher claim on us than as a mere diversion. The beautiful variety which it exhibits, joined to the great forethought which it encourages, and the constant circumspection required in its practice, have carried it far beyond the ordinary pastimes of mankind, and have given to it that secret charm, which, while it "steals away the thoughts from themes

of sad import," instructs the student in many a useful virtue. It is an amusement well worthy the pursuit even of the man of letters and science; and a constant practice of the game generates, in some degree, a depth and solidity of mind which would in vain be sought from a lighter diversion. Prudence and caution are continually inculcated by a close attention to chess; and its advantages have been very prettily described in a short essay on the morals of this game, written by Dr. Franklin, who very truly observes, "that it is so interesting in itself, as not to need the view of gain to induce engaging in it, and thence it is never played for money."

"No prize we need our ardour to inflame,
We fight with pleasure, if we fight for fame."

For ourselves, we are free to confess, that after the literary fatigues of many a toilsome day, it is with an inward feeling of exultation we see our massy library table turned aside, and the smaller support for the chess apparatus brought forward; where, while the combatants on either side are ranging in their respective orders for battle, we feel the fumes of censorship disperse, and the mind gradually and cheerfully unbend from the sterner toil of criticism, to partake in the mimic warfare of the chequered board. It is then that for the remainder of the evening, by a cheerful fire, with an inquisitive and careful glance over the table, we find a gratification beyond the mere indolence of relaxation; and our thoughts, called home from Italian, Grecian, or Egyptian lands, where through the day they have been alternately wandering, are now bent upon the tiny wars of Amazonian queens, daring knights, and bishops of the church militant; and while the pigmy ranks of ivory and ebony warriors with heroic ardour pursue their fierce attacks, we watch patiently and cautiously the moment which is to decide the fortune of the battle; happy indeed, when by some lucky stroke our adversary's king pent up,

—Hears, where'er he moves, the dreadful sound—
Check the deep vales, and check the woods resound.

No place remains: he sees the certain fate,
And yields his throne to ruin and checkmate.*

Mr. Pohlman's book will be found a valuable addition to the publications of which we are already possessed on this subject. In an introduction to the study of chess, which occupies 36 pages out of the 449 contained in this volume, the movements of the several pieces are described, and a variety of general rules given as instructions for playing the game, together with the relative value of the pieces, which, as not perhaps generally known, we select:

"The relative value of the pieces and pawns is estimated as follows; the king 6½, queen 2½, castle 1½, bishop 1½, knight 1½, pawn 1; the power of a king for attack or defence is as above stated, though from the principle of the game he is invaluable. The power of the pawn is as 2; but from its chance of promotion, the real value is calculated at 3½."

* Caissa, a Poem, by Sir W. Jones.

The rules for playing must of course be very general, from the immense number of combinations of which this scientific game is susceptible, and which preclude minutely particular directions. To these are subjoined some application of the rules, and a few maxims more especially useful towards the conclusion of a game, and a short list of the pieces with which it is possible checkmate can be given. The laws of chess follow, and Philidor's preface to his treatise on the subject; but the great novelty and embellishment of this work (occupying more than 400 pages) arise from the tabular demonstrations, as they are called, of a great number of games, positions, and movements. These diagrams exhibit separate pictures of the chess board from the first move to the close of the several games, altered as each move has changed the face of the board, and are remarkably distinguishable for the care and attention which must have been bestowed on them. We have on a close inspection here and there discovered a trifling inaccuracy; but the rareness of such an occurrence in a work of so much labour, is a great proof of exactitude.

Among these tabular demonstrations or diagrams, besides several other of Philidor's games, is an account of the three celebrated matches which he played, the first against Count Bruhl, Mr. Bowdler, and Mr. Maseres. The second against Count Bruhl, Mr. Nowell, and Mr. Leicester. The third against the Hon. H. S. Conway, Mr. Sheldon, and Captain Smith. In each of these matches, the three games were proceeding at the same time, and Mr. Philidor, who played without seeing any of the boards, was victorious in all, with the exception of the game against Mr. Bowdler, to whom he had given a pawn, and who succeeded in making it a draw. Such an exertion of memory is perhaps unparalleled, and to those who are acquainted with the intricacies of this game, seems almost incredible.

Some very curious critical situations are also to be found in this work, placed under a separate head, which cannot but afford great pleasure to the amateur of chess, exhibiting extraordinary foresight, and a most intimate knowledge of the game. Upon the whole, we advise such of our readers as are fond of the art, to read this book; and we think it may tend greatly to improve their knowledge on the subject; while to those who have it yet to learn, and who are in search of a pleasing and instructive amusement, we venture to recommend from experience, the study of this beautiful game, to which Mr. Pohlman's work will be a very considerable help.

A Selection of Fifty Games from those played by the Automaton Chess Player, during its Exhibition in London, in 1820. 12mo. pp. 76.

It appears from a short preface, that this selection is made from above 300 Games played by the Automaton with various opponents. We have gone through the Games, generally with much interest, and certainly with new views as to the powers of combi-

nation with the different pieces in this favorite amusement. From the profound skill displayed by the Automaton whenever he was opposed to an antagonist at all worthy of him, as in Games 2, 3, 5, 12, 17, &c. &c. the lovers of chess cannot but regret that he was not on all occasions more equally opposed. In Game 2, occurs a remarkable instance of the importance of the knight in the hands of a player who is aware of its capabilities: here by a skilful series of moves, the knight is brought round the board and decides the game, without the opponent's being able to oppose its march, though by no means destitute either of strength on the board, or of skill in the employment of it. Game 9 is admirably well contested on both sides: here the opponents in turn, by a vigorous and well combined attack, appear to have gained a decided advantage; and each not only extricates himself from the impending difficulty, but converts his defence into an attack equally forcible; and it terminates in a draw. The same observation applies to Games 45 and 47. Games 10, 11, and a few others, are ill defended against the Automaton's powerful onset, and appear to answer no other purpose than to show how mercilessly a strong player can crush a weak one. Other Games as 4, 21, 30, though well defended on the whole, are lost through a single oversight, the effects of which cannot be recovered even by the most judicious defence. Games 4, 9, 12, 45, 47, and many others, are fine subjects for study. Indeed generally speaking, there is a raciness and spirit pervading this selection, which give these games a different character from those generally met with in books: and the feeling of reality throughout renders them highly amusing, whilst they exhibit the varied resources of good players in difficult situations, which actually occurred.

GRAHAM'S LIFE OF POUSSIN.

(Concluded.)

For his celebrated picture of 'The Ark of God among the Philistines,' Poussin got 60 crowns (though sold soon after to the Duc de Richelieu for 1000), and his fame ascended in Rome. We shall not pursue his labours into details. Among others, he had the advantage of studying the living model in the school of Domenichino, which was then the best in Rome; and he often visited that of Andrea Sacchi, on account of a model who sat there, and who was celebrated for the intelligence with which he placed himself easily and gracefully in the prescribed attitudes*. He frequently modelled his subjects, that he might acquire a better know-

* The models in Rome are still celebrated for the skill with which they imitate the attitudes of the antique statues, and also the figures in the most celebrated pictures. In the latter case they teach their countenances to assume a wonderful likeness to the picture. The profession of a model is far from being disgraceful in Rome. Saverio Scaccia, the model chiefly used by Canova, is the very dandy of models, and prides himself on his beauty and on the ease with which he can assume any expression or posture. He is a good husband and father, and diligent and obliging in his profession.

ledge of their true forms; and he is known to have modelled even from celebrated pictures, especially some beautiful children, in a picture of Titian, which was then in the Villa Ludovisi, but afterwards carried to Spain.

Another of his habits, at a long after period of his life, is worth relating.

"After the few first years of his residence in Rome, and still more after his return from Paris, Poussin might have commanded any fortune; but his desires were very moderate, and after he had fixed the price of his pictures, which he rather under-valued, he specified the sum on the back of the piece: if after that any one sent him more than the price fixed, he returned the money. He had also a habit of accompanying each picture, when he sent it home, by a letter, explaining his reasons for the particular manner in which he had treated the subject; thus answering beforehand whatever criticism it might meet with."

Others of a dazzling kind from Paris were the consequence of Poussin's celebrity at Rome; and after resisting them for nearly two years, he consented to enter into the service of Louis XIV. His own account of his reception is replete with interest—

"To the Commander Del Pozzo.

"Full of confidence in the good-will which you have always shewn me, I think it my duty to give you an account of the fortunate success of my journey, as well as of my situation, and the place I inhabit, that you, my kind protector, may know where to lay your commands on me. My health was very good during the whole journey from Rome to Fontainebleau, where I was very honourably received in the palace by a nobleman deputed for that purpose by M. de Noyers; from thence I was taken to Paris in that minister's coach, and had scarcely arrived when he came out to meet me, embraced me in a friendly manner, and showed very great pleasure at seeing me in France. At night I was conducted by his orders to the place he had destined for my apartment: it is a little palace, for so it may be called, in the midst of the garden of the Thuilleries, containing nine chambers on three stories, without reckoning the ground floor, which consists of a kitchen, a porter's lodge, a hall, and three convenient rooms for domestic purposes. There is, besides, a beautiful and spacious garden, planted with fruit trees and vegetables of all kinds, a pretty plot of flowers, three little fountains, a well, a very handsome court, and a stable. I have a beautiful view from my windows, and I can imagine that in summer this retreat must be a perfect paradise. I found the centre apartment furnished nobly, and all necessary provisions laid in, even to fire-wood and a cask of old wine. For three days my friends and I were entertained at the king's expence. The fourth day M. de Noyers presented me to the Cardinal, who took my hand, embraced me, and treated me with extraordinary condescension. A few days afterwards I was taken to St. Germain's, where M. de Noyers was to have presented me to the king; but M. de Noyers being indisposed, I

was not introduced until the next day, when M. le Grand, one of the court favourites, introduced me. The good and gracious prince deigned to caress me, and asked me a great many questions, during the half-hour he kept me with him; after which, turning round to the court, he said, '*I think we have taken in Vouet,*' and then he ordered me to paint the great pictures for his chapel of Fontainebleau and St. Germain's. When I went home they brought me two thousand crowns in gold, in a handsome blue velvet purse. One thousand for my salary, and one thousand for my journey, without reckoning my expenses. And indeed, money is very necessary in this country, where every thing is extremely dear.

"I have now turned my thoughts upon the works I am to execute: they are pictures, cartoons for tapestry, and many other things. I shall have the honour of sending you a specimen of my first labours as a tribute of gratitude, and as soon as my packages arrive, and I am relieved from uneasiness on account of them, I hope to portion my time in such a manner as to employ a part of it in the service of your brother the Chevalier.

"I recommend my little household interests to your care, since you deign to take charge of them during my absence, which shall not be long if I can help it. I beseech you, since you are born to be kind to me, to bear, with your usual generous patience, the trouble I must give you, and to content yourself in return with my entire affection. May the Lord grant you a long and happy life. As to me, with all the respect of which I am capable, &c. &c. &c.

Paris, Jan. 6. 1641. "POUSSIN."

His court honours were disturbed by the envy of Vouet, the jealousy of le Mercier, and the cabals of Fouquieres, and all the inferior men whom his presence at the Tuileries had thrown into shade. He was soon tired of his situation as First Painter to the Grand Monarque, and longed to retire from office. His sentiments on the occasion are very noble. "Although (says he, in a memorial to M. de Noyers) I have nothing to fear from my enemies, since, by the grace of God, I have acquired a property, that, not being an ordinary gift of fortune, cannot be taken from me, but in possession of which I may go wherever I please; the pain of feeling that I am not well treated, obliges me to expose the absurdity of my calumniators."

Elsewhere, defending one of his pictures of *Moses Striking the Rock*, "Stella having communicated to him some criticisms on this picture, particularly on account of the basin into which the water falls, he says finely, and in a way which shows how well he merited the name of 'Learned.' "There is no difficulty here; I am not sorry it should be known that I do nothing by chance, and that I understand perfectly what a painter is permitted to do with the subjects he has to represent, which may be taken and understood, either as they have been, as they are, or as they will be. The local disposition of the miracle must have been such as I have represented; because, otherwise the water

could neither have been collected, nor used to supply the wants of so great a multitude of people, but would have been dispersed on all sides. If, at the creation of the world, the earth had received one uniform figure, and the water had found neither channels nor hollows, the surface would have been covered with it, and useless to the animals; but, from the beginning, God disposed all things in order, and with relation to the end for which he formed his work. Therefore, at such a remarkable event as that of the striking the rock, we may well believe that a corresponding miracle in the disposition of the ground took place. However, as it is not easy for every one to judge of works of art, one should be very careful not to decide hastily."

Though these quotations have run to considerable extent, we cannot resist one more, rich with information and sound judgment.

"The last letter he ever wrote contains some hints upon the general principles of art; and it is given here not only as a proof how well his practice accorded with his theory, but of the modesty with which he estimated himself.

"Poussin to M. de Chantelou.

"I must, at length, endeavour to awake after my long silence. I must raise my voice while my pulse still faintly beats. I have had full leisure to read and to weigh your book upon the perfect idea of painting, which has been a sweet solace to my afflicted mind. I rejoice that you are the first Frenchman to open the eyes of those who see only through the medium of others, and suffer themselves to be led astray after the crowd. Now you have warmed and softened a metal, hitherto stiff and difficult to handle, so that henceforth others may be found, who, by imitating you, will give us something useful upon painting. After having considered the distribution that the Sieur François Junius makes of the parts of this noble art, I venture briefly to write down here what I have learned from him. It is necessary, first, to know what the nature of imitation is, and to define it.

"DEFINITION.

"Painting is an imitation by means of lines and colours, on some superficies, of every thing that can be seen under the sun; its end is to please.

"Principles that every man capable of reasoning may learn:—There can be nothing represented without light,

without form,
without colour,
without distance,
without an instrument,
or medium.

"Things which are not to be learned, and which make an essential part of painting:

"First, the subject must be noble. It should have received no quality from the mere workman; and to allow scope to the painter to display his powers, he should choose it capable of receiving the most excellent form. He must begin by composition, then ornament, propriety, beauty, grace, vivacity, costume, probability, and judgment, in each and all. These last be-

long solely to the painter, and cannot be taught. They are the golden bough of Virgil, which no man can find or gather if his fate do not lead him to it. These nine parts deserve, on several accounts, to be treated by some good and learned author."

The affliction alluded to in this letter, was the death of his wife, early in 1665, on the 19th of November in which year Poussin breathed his last at Rome, whither he had returned in 1642. "In his person Poussin was tall and well proportioned, and of a good constitution. His complexion was olive, his hair black, but it became very grey towards the end of his life; his eyes were blue, his nose rather long, his forehead large, and his look both dignified and modest."

In all the relations of life, he seems to have been amiable and consistent; and he died universally regretted. His remains were interred in the Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, where there are two latin inscriptions in his honour.

Engravings of his portrait, and of his house on Trinita de Monti in Rome, adorn the volume which has just been published.

Fenelon's two dialogues on his merits, and a catalogue raisonné of his productions, are added to Miss Graham's very agreeable work; in which some slight inaccuracies of style are all that we find to question, and which is otherwise well deserving of perusal and praise.

Wine and Walnuts.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cochiney Grey Beard.

CHAP. XIX.

The Guard Room, Old Somerset House.

Arrived at the Guard-room, Garrick sent in his card, and we were admitted. The officer on duty received our party with easy politeness. Garrick briefly related the object of his visit, and begged to see the two centinels. "They are originals," said the officer, smiling, and then desired a corporal to take them to an adjoining room, observing "the men will feel less restraint if I am not present."

The grenadiers came forth, and Garrick began, "How goes it my worthies?" the men touched their caps. "I love a good soldier; I respect the man who does his duty; and I honour the brave. You have both played your parts so well that I will notice it to the colonel of your regiment, who is my friend. So you honour the memory of our good old king," said Davey to the ancient Briton—the tear stood in his martial eye—"I do, your honour; I have bled for him, and would again had it been the will of God." "You have seen the young king, no doubt," said Garrick. "I have, your honour," said the soldier; "I stood sentinel at the great house in St. James's Square the day he was brought into this troubled world, and oft times since; he is grown a fine young man, and like his late royal father, our beloved prince: I hope he will walk in his path." There was a dignity of manner in this veteran that surprised us all. Garrick

offered his purse—"there is something," said he, "for you and your comrade to drink the young king's health; and be as loyal to him as to his royal grandfather." "No sir," said the proud grenadier, respectfully refusing to accept it, "I spoke too boldly to your honours, but I thought it my duty to speak." Garrick seized his hand: "Worthy soldier," said he, "if every man did his duty like thee, then might old England bid defiance to the world;" and putting the purse in his pocket, added, "We will talk of this another time."

"Well, my hearty!" said Garrick, addressing himself to the other son of Mars—a fine picture of an Irishman, with a laughing eye—"and you hold the same loyal sentiments. What, you have seen the young king too." "Indeed and I have too, and more nor once, and that was the last time before I went abroad upon the expedition. I stood sentinel upon the play-house stage, your honours, when he and his right good looking princely father was there, to see King Hamlet of Denmark. O! I will never forget that night, now sure. No offence, if a poor soldier speaks a word a bit of himself, I hope, your honours." "Not in the least," said Garrick, eager to draw him out: "Well, of that night?" "O! that night will never forget my being made a dismal coward. I've been at nose-length with the enemy more nor once, and thought I might have been at worse work than that; and I am a child at lying, would I not rather crawl up to the blazing cannon at a crackling breach, than do duty by myself all alone on old Windsor Terrace. I never knew what fear was till then, when I saw Mister Davey Garrick—bad manners to him for that, and that alone sure, for I touched the old king's blessed countenance in the shape and make of a golden guinea piece, from his generous hand on that holy night." Garrick squeezed in among us, when Wilson said, "proceed my lively lad." The old grenadier touched pat and frowned. "Look ye there now," said he, "has not his honour there," pointing to Wilson, "bid me proceed?" 'Twas when Mister Garrick was acting us the Prince of Wales of Denmark, like; the ghost's elder son. Look, your honours, I stands here, near the Prince Frederick's box, and young prince Hamlet there; just now peeps the ghost with his white face, all in sheet armour, up a dark hole; and all the lights were out of sight sure, upon the stage. The actor looked so ghastly—all in such terror, that I come over in a cold sweat, and my knees would not stand still at all."

"Then you admire Garrick," said Warton, enjoying the actor's confusion. "Come, let's be off," said Davey. "O, no!" said Sterne; "go on, my good fellow, thou art very entertaining." Pat did not want urging. Wilson stood with his back against the door to prevent an escape. "O, your honours, saw him! I will never forget what I saw! he made me weep with my two eyes, just like a big girl at a *weaking*; 'twas when he saw his own ill-used flesh and blood in the spirit of the old king. Pat, fy upon you, said I inwardly to myself, Are you not a sol-

dier? O, I thought of my own poor old parent, though he did not die in armour, sure. When he said, 'Shall I call thee father,' 'twas so natural, my heart did break. Father! O, I thought, that's a blessed name! though I was no great blessing to him, poor old man, and never set sight of his kind-hearted countenance after I went for a soldier (sore against his will), and left him to dig with his feeble arms all alone, strong as I was; the more's the pity." Pat made a pause to wipe his eye. "But I've made it up to mother sure, for I goes on a *spre* only now and then for the sake of him that's gone; and sent the golden coin that Mister Garrick gave me to comfort her grey hairs, poor widow woman; and five others, that I got from the prince's own hands—our present young king—after the play was done and over. Prince Frederick, with a tender heart, as if he'd been born a poor man's child, saw my uneasiness, and came round a-back of the stage, all among the painted scenes, and got me relieved; and when the performance was clean over, gave a purse to his son, a genteeler youth as you'll never see in a thousand, not a cartridge length longer than my musket, who put it into my graceless hand with the air of an angel!—Next week that never was, I takes the twelve o'clock night guard at the North Terrace; and when the serjeant locked the iron gate upon me, and I was left alone by myself, I thinks of Mister Davey Garrick and the old King Hamlet, and about the hair bristling up like a porcupine. I walked a little beyond my post then, to look up at a light up a top, in the castle, sure, all for company's sake; and when it was gone, my heart sunk within me. O! thought I, Pat, you're a precious sinner; so I crossed myself, and began to whistle to keep my spirits up; and I did not know what, till the old towers all along whistled Ally-crocker; it was the echo of my own voice likely enough, but I did not like to hear it then. Presently, I turns me round, and thought 'twas my father. Mercy on me! 'twas nothing at all, your honours: 'twas mister alteration-face, old neighbour moon-shine, resting on my centry-box. O, your honours! I will never be a man no more when I be all alone. I was a soldier before now, and didn't fear the devil and all of Mister Garrick."

"Our colonel's butler t'other day, when I took a letter, says 'Well, Paddy, and I suppose you'll not fight for George the Third.' That's not a proper question for a soldier," says I: "and why not fight for my king, *sirrah*?" "Because you're a *Papish*," says he. "And so was my dad," says I; "and a better Christian nor you, you beggarly rap-scurion. And so he was, your honours; for though he's laid low, he always gave me good advice; for he writ me when I was far away, and wore his majesty's cloth—'do your duty, child, for the love of God, for king George is no persecutor.' And if I had writ half as well as he, I'd not been in the ranks till now, sure."

"What, Prince Frederic saw you in tears," said Warton, much amused with the Irishman's loquaciousness. "He did, sure

enough, your honour; and so did the good people in the pit, too. I never was ashamed of my sinful life so much as that."

"Thou had'st no occasion for shame, my honest soldier," said Sterne. "What, your honour, not to stand upon your two tottering knees, all eyes upon you, with a musket in your fist, snivelling like a pick-pocket at a whipping post. 'Off, off,' cried the people, off, soldier.' I thought they were savage with my weakness; but the ladies in the boxes clapped their lily hands. Just then, serjeant Bell claps his honest paw upon my shoulder, and whips another in my post. Think's I, Pat it's all over with you; and I stood useless as a pump in a drought. But Mister Garrick came off, and clapping me on the back, slipped the gold in my hand, and says, 'courage my worthy lad; you're a fellow with a feeling heart like mine own.'"

"Ha, ha, ha," said Wilson, "I'll be sworn, Garrick, thou brought'st us hither but to sound thy own trumpet." "Nay; now, 'pon honour, Dick Wilson!—Sterne!—gentlemen! I can you think me such a coxcomb?" "O, that will not do," said Wilson, roaring with laughter; "that will never do, my dear Davey—never, never!" "O!" said the soldier, springing with delight, "O, thou fool, Paddy, Paddy: Bless your honour, the same bright eye that looked clean into my heart; and the voice, sweet music, that made a woman of me; may joy dance before you in *front*, and a fair wife be *eyes right* upon you; may dutiful *chiliter* march in your *rear*, and the sweet smelling flowers that spring up upon your marble tomb-stone, be watered with the tears of one and all of the angels of mercy!"

Garrick, less angry than confused at this unexpected scene, forced a retreat, and we all followed, with Wilson bawling, "*Exeunt omnes*." "Well told, doctor," said I; "Garrick himself would not have related it more in character."

"I do not know why I should repeat these idle tales," said my old friend, "but somehow I never think of that lively soul, but I feel myself a young man again. I know—I know, sir, he was rated for his vanity, but often unjustly, and unkindly too, by many dull wights, who were kept alive by his native gaiety. Then," said he, with becoming regard for the memory of our long departed friend, "then, sir, his gaiety carried him not beyond the bounds of decency: no man was the worse for his society."

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—The imperfect description of the philosophy of Socrates contained in my last, will at least convey some notion of its practical severity. His maxim seemed to be, that moral practice must always be coextensive with moral theory. Subjugation of the passions, cultivation of the intellectual powers, and strict obedience to the laws of the country, seem, as far as I am able to discern, the substance of his philosophy. He re-

quired from his pupils a strict adoption of these principles, without making much allowance for difference of temper or of education. For two years, Aristippus complied scrupulously with all those acts of self-denial which his master thought expedient. He wore the scanty Socratic mantle, and lived upon the allowance of three oboli a day. But, as he is represented by Wieland, he maintained his independence of mind, and seemed frequently inclined to call in question the narrow and exclusive system of Socrates. Such was the elasticity of his character, that he felt little difficulty, and therefore arrogated no merit to himself, in complying with all the self-denying maxims and habits enjoined him. He could live with as much contentment and enjoyment upon three oboli a day, (as long as any rational inducement, such as the society of Socrates, made it worth his while) as he could upon the amplest allowance. When therefore the calls of an extensive acquaintance and commerce with the world (which was in fact the chief object of his expatriation) made an increase of expence indispensable, he felt no hesitation in stepping beyond the prescribed limit. As far as his own ample fortune contributed to his personal ease and comfort, he thought it by no means philosophical to despise it; yet he could do without it. But it was invaluable to him, as the means of satisfying that insatiable thirst after knowledge, which formed so interesting a feature in his character. He saw no wisdom in depriving himself of pleasures which enlarge the feelings of humanity, cultivate the taste, and enrich the imagination; but he thought it the very height of folly, to pursue them to the exclusion of every other nobler and more improving study. Socrates confined himself to that narrow circle of moral and intellectual attainments, which might best fit his pupils to become honest and useful members of their respective communities. Aristippus had a much more extensive end in view; and to be a mere disciple of Socrates, and at the same time a man of the world, or more properly a cosmopolite, he felt was impossible. The latter inculcated unlimited obedience to the laws, however oppressive or unjust; and he practised this precept unto death*. Aristippus could not admit it, for it is abhorrent to human nature. Socrates thought it expedient to be clothed, and to live with extreme moderation, which necessarily superinduces a degree of singularity in appearance, and habits incompatible with an extensive commerce with the world. Our Aristippus, therefore, did not feel himself bound to adhere to it, as the only true badge of philosophy. His wisdom was to be collected from the study of mankind; and worse passports to their respect and favor could not be invented, than poverty and meanness of appearance. These were the points at issue between the master and pupil; and we shall see how both parties maintained their respective views.

* Socrates refused to escape from prison, for he thought that however unjust the sentence, still it was a legal one, and that he was therefore bound to undergo it.

Lais here introduces herself to our notice. Shortly after the arrival of Aristippus in Greece, he became acquainted with her in a singular manner. While at Corinth (where he first landed from Cyrene) he inadvertently entered the women's bath, and opening one of the doors, popped upon a very lovely young woman, in one of those interesting situations which operate by a sort of magic, and root the intruder to the spot, transfixed in palsied bashfulness, or lost in silent admiration. The offended nymph thought no punishment short of the total loss of his peace of mind, adequate to his crime; and her mode of revenge was ingeniously calculated to that end†. The impression was indeed indelible, but harmless. Aristippus was not made of the combustible stuff she had supposed; and the easy nonchalance and self-possession with which he underwent his correction, seemed to make a favorable impression on his fair enemy.

For the space of two years and a half, however, he remained in utter ignorance of the name and quality of his Anadyomene‡ as he was wont to call the Corinthian Venus. At the end of that time (during which he had been a constant attendant upon Socrates,) he received an invitation from a friend, Eurybates by name, to accompany him in a little excursion to the island of Egina, at that time one of the dependencies of the Athenian commonwealth. Eurybates was possessed of a rural domain there, adjoining to which was the villa of the young lady for whom their visit was more properly intended, and whom he thus describes. "You may call her Hetæra or not, just as you please; and in fact it is hardly possible to rank her with any other known class of persons, if it be indeed absolutely necessary to class her at all. But such an Hetæra as she, was surely never met with before, one or two perhaps excepted. She will not come to us, my good friend; it is we who must go to her; and even this is a favor which is conferred on very few, though many would be willing to purchase it at any price. The lovely Lais sees only the most select society, and the Graces must be more than commonly bountiful to that person who may venture to hope for more than ordinary civility from her . . . she is now hardly twenty years of age, and was left by her first lover, who is now dead, in very affluent circumstances."

The introduction takes place, and Aristippus recognizes in the beautiful Lais his lovely Anadyomene.—"We found her," says he, "in a spacious garden saloon, supported by marble columns of the Ionic order. She was encircled by a small society of young men, apparently of the better sort, and engaged in lively conversation with them. Before I had approached near enough to distinguish her features, I thought her figure the noblest I had ever beheld. Her dress was rather simple than artificial, more costly than splendid. It was airy enough to satisfy

† It is my desire to avoid every thing like indecency; therefore I have abridged this matter as much as possible.

‡ V. p. 3. In allusion to the *Venus Anadyomene*, or Venus rising from the bath.

a sculptor, anxious that no individual beauty should escape his chisel, yet so perfectly modest, that the grace of Pudecity herself could not have been more irreproachably attired. But conceive, my friend, how overpowering my surprise, when, upon approaching a few paces nearer, I felt convinced that the lady now before me could be no other than she, with whom I had become acquainted at Corinth in so singular a manner, though at that time I had been unable to discover either her name or her rank. I found my whole stock of self-possession scarcely sufficient to meet that noble affability which distinguished her reception of me, with no greater degree of concern on my part, than what might without too great a stretch be placed to the account of that impression, which her resplendent beauty must produce upon every one who beholds her for the first time. That such was my wish, I was fully conscious; but I am by no means so positive, that for the first quarter of an hour, I succeeded to the extent of my desire. For in general, he who is anxious to secrete any article under his mantle, betrays thus much at least, by the pains he takes to avoid detection, namely, that he has something to conceal; that, you know, is quite enough to put the bystanders on the alert. The truth of this matter is, that the fear of committing myself, and a strong desire to avoid it if possible, gave to those glances of mine, which must have appeared to her meant to penetrate into her inmost soul, and to measure her from top to toe, and in every other direction, so much the appearance of timid impudence, eagerness, and astonishment, that (as she afterwards confessed to me) she would have been greatly put to it to maintain a proper composure, had she not been prepared for this interview, which in fact was unexpected on my part only. During the three years which have elapsed since our first meeting, her beauty has improved to that degree, that although the image of my Corinthian Anadyomene had lost but little in my recollection, (or rather perhaps for that very reason) a slight mistrust of the identity of my present vision, or of my recollection itself, was not the most unnatural thing in the world. She had grown visibly taller, and the bloom of her exquisite figure seemed just at that moment to have attained its utmost perfection; that critical moment at which the swelling fullness of the hundred-leaved rose breaks its luxurious prison, and bursts upon the orient sun in all its resplendent perfection of beauty. Such was the dazzling brightness she shed around her, that notwithstanding the resemblance was too decisive, not to repress instantly every rising doubt as to the identity of her person and that of my Corinthian Anadyomene, yet could I not refrain from convincing myself over and over again of that delightful truth by repeated observations." A few well-managed side-glances from the fair one, intelligible to none but him, soon banish all remaining doubt. "Those glances," says he, "told me beyond the possibility of doubt, that she was the same; and now it became so much the more easy to play the part of a perfectly new acquaint-

ance in so natural a manner, as to deceive the observing Eurybates himself, and to dispel all suspicion of a former connexion between us. I abandoned myself with my usual gaiety, or volatility, if you will have it so, to the enjoyment of the most delicious evening I ever spent; and I would venture any wager, that Tantalus at the table of Jupiter, was not half so blessed, as I in the rectory of this earthly divinity."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Drinking cups formed of human skulls.

Every reader of poetry, has heard of Lord Byron's celebrated goblet, at Newstead Abbey, on which the fine verses beginning "Start not nor deem my spirit fled," are inscribed. It is mounted in silver, somewhat after the fashion of the wine cups formed of the shell of the ostrich, and in depth and capaciousness would probably rival the great Bear of the Baron Bradwardine, should that memento of ancient Scottish hospitality be yet upon the face of the earth. A superabundance of gratuitous horror has been expended on the circumstance of Lord Byron's having converted the head-piece of one of his ancestors, into a stoup to hold his wine. But this fancy of the noble poet's, like many of his poetical fancies, is by no means an original one. Mandeville tells us of a people (the old Guebres) who exposed the dead bodies of their parents to the fowls of the air, reserving only the skulls, of which, says he, "*the son maketh a cuppe and therefrom drynkethe he with gret devotion.*" The Italian Poet Marino* (to whom our own Milton owes so many of the splendid situations in *Paradise Lost*;) makes the conclave of devils in his Pandemonium, quaff wine from the pericranium of Minerva. We have also a similar allusion in a Runic Ode, preserved by Wormius. Lodbrog, disdaining life, and thinking of the joys of immortality, which he was about to share in the hall of Odin, exclaims,

Bibemus cervicium

Et concavæ craniorum crateribus.

In Middleton's *Witch*, the Duke takes out a bowl of a similar description, when the Lord Governor ejaculates, "A skull my Lord!" and his Grace replies—

Call it a soldier's cup.

*Our Duchess I know will pledge us tho' the cup,
If as once her father's head, which as a trophy
We'll keep till death, &c.*

The same singular appropriation of dead men's sconces is referred to, on one or two occasions, by Maasinger, and from the following quotation from a speech of Torreniti, in Dekker's "*Wonder of a Kingdom*," we may presume that Lord Byron was not the first person who mounted human skulls in silver:

Would I had here ten thousand soldier's heads,
Their skulls set all in silver to drink health,
To his confusion first invented war.

Thus it will appear, that his lordship is not always original, even in his absurdities.

S.

* So nobly translated by Crashaw.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

Our readers are aware that the expedition over land, towards the shores of the Polar Sea, under the conduct of Lieutenant Franklin, had arrived on the Athabasca Lake* in June last. Upon this subject the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the 1st inst., has published interesting extracts from a private communication, whence we select the following passages.

"The journey, a distance of eight hundred miles, was performed in two months. I need not describe to you, who are such a general reader, the mode of travelling, with dogs and sledges; nor mention the inconveniences produced by the severity of a North American winter; but I will bear my testimony to the painful initiation into the daily practice of walking on snow shoes, the misery of pained ancles and galled feet, which a novice invariably has to contend against, and which patience and perseverance alone will enable him to surmount; they were my companions for seven or eight days; afterwards I felt no inconvenience.

"You can easily imagine the pleasure which a traveller feels at arriving at his encampment under such circumstances. This you will probably suppose to be a sheltered place, whereas its preparation simply consists in clearing away the snow on the ground, and placing thereon branches of pine, on which the party spread their blankets, coats, &c., and sleep in comfort, with a large fire at their feet, though the thermometer be 40 degrees below Zero, and with nothing but the canopy of Heaven to cover them. Here the voyageur soon forgets his fatigues and cares; and having supped, lolls, stretched at his ease, listening with pleasure to the various narratives of his experienced companions, who usually expatiate at length on the never-failing subject of past adventures.

"I had a great treat on my route in seeing the huge and shapeless buffalo (or bison of Buffon), and witnessing the different methods of obtaining them. The most dextrous way is, when a well mounted rider dashes at a herd, singles out an animal, which he contrives to separate from the rest, and by managing his horse keeps him apart; and whenever he can get sufficiently near for the ball to penetrate the hide, he fires, though going at full speed, and seldom fails in bringing down his mark. The principal dangers on this service are, either that his horse will

fall into some of the numerous holes which the badgers make; or that the enraged animal should turn furiously round when wounded, and gall his horse, or succeed in dismounting him. When the herd are particularly on their guard, horses cannot be used. The rider then dismounts, and crawls towards the herd through the snow, taking care to remain motionless when any of them are looking towards him. You will easily imagine this service cannot be very agreeable, when Mercury will freeze, which is often the case.

"The Indians have another method, by constructing a pound. The principal dexterity in this, consists in getting the animals once to enter the roadway; fear then urges them on, and many men are stationed at the head to dispatch them. We visited one of these places near an Indian encampment, and one of my companions took an accurate drawing of the whole scene. In the animals he has been particularly fortunate, which has been much wanted; for I never saw any thing bearing the least resemblance to a buffalo before.

"In the countries where these animals chiefly resort (grassy plains) the natives are much more independent than the others; having food and clothing easy to be provided.

"All the nations southward of this have suffered much this year from the prevailing diseases which have raged amongst them, and carried off many, especially children. They have now generally recovered their strength, but not their spirits, which are always greatly depressed on the loss of relatives. There was an instance of keen sensibility exhibited here a few days ago by a whole tribe, which would be scarcely expected in such uninformed minds; they declined to pitch their tents this season on a spot where they had long been accustomed to do, for fear the circumstance should revive the moments of grief they had all experienced in the loss of many relations, or the place should remind them of past pleasures in the society of friends whom they were never to see again. This race of men, Chipewyans, are a mild, timid set of persons, excellently described in Hearne and Mackenzie's *Voyages*.

"The cold was more severe than has been for many years. Both the old stagers and Indians have complained very much. I have not experienced more severity than I was prepared to expect; when travelling, I could generally keep myself warm by walking.

"You would enjoy the clear frosty nights; the stars appear with uncommon brilliancy, but the weather is too gold for making observations with any accuracy. The Aurora Borealis is occasionally very fine, and of the most variable kind, both in motion and colours."

CHIMNEY SWEEPS.

A case of disgraceful inhumanity, reported in all the newspapers of the day, as having been disclosed at the Hatton Garden police office, in regard to a wretched boy, sold for a guinea to a master chimney sweep, and brought to death's door, by the cruel

ties inflicted upon him to force him to his painful labours, induces us to publish the following letter, which was handed to us some weeks ago. Surely, if the mechanical means are what is here represented, that population would no longer merit the distinction of being called civilized and christian, which neglected to employ them.

Sir.—The following letter will not be uninteresting to such of your readers, as are desirous of "lessening the weight of misery in those points where it presses the hardest," and more especially if they have read an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, of October, 1819, on the subject of climbing boys, written by R. Sydney Smith:

Letter from Messrs. Jeerrad and Co. Surveyors, to one who had recommended to them the elastic rods, for cleaning chimneys, made by Estwick, Bath.*

Sir.—We beg leave to offer our acknowledgments for your recommendation of Mr. Estwick's Bath Elastic Rod for sweeping chimneys, as upon repeated trials we have found their beneficial effects perfectly correspond with the printed description. It is the simplest machine, and the most complete in its operation of any we have seen exhibited. We will not trespass on you by an account of the many house trials we have made, but mention one where much difficulty existed. We have a peculiar shop chimney, with an immense high shaft, which was frequently on fire, and cost us repeated forfeitures in consequence. It was also constantly smothering, of slow draft, and sometimes a great nuisance to our neighbours.

Upon the first trial, the rods were with difficulty forced up by two men, but the machine brought down such corings of burnt and accumulated soot from the angles and upper part of the flue, as was truly astonishing, though it was swept only the Monday before: for this was done every week.

The succeeding Monday, one man accomplished it with ease, bringing down still more from the angles, and it is now done by a boy with the greatest facility, and being properly cleaned, the smoke has entirely disappeared. The pargetting of the flues has not been injured, as the produce of the operation shewed, and we are now convinced, the fines we have incurred, and the danger we have risked, from fires in so extensive a concern, have not arisen from any radical defect in the chimney, but from the imperfect manner of sweeping practised by climbing boys, which, combined with motives of humanity, has determined us never to employ another. We have the honour to be, &c.

R. W. & C. JEERRAD.

200, Oxford Street, and 27, Adams Street, Manchester Square, London.

N.B. The machines cost from three to five pounds, according to the length. One machine is sufficient for fifty or sixty families. They create less dirt than a climbing boy, but must not be entrusted to a master sweeper, unless one is assured of his integrity.

* The person to whom this letter was addressed, finds his chimneys perfectly cleansed without ever permitting a boy to ascend them.

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JAN. 13.

Congregations will be holden for the purpose of granting Graces, and conferring Degrees, on the following days in the ensuing term:—Monday, January 15, and Saturday, 27; Thursday, February 8, and Tuesday 20; Saturday, March 3, Tuesday 6, and Tuesday 20; Tuesday, April 3, and Saturday, 14.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 15.

On Saturday the following gentlemen, B. A. of Pembroke Hall, were elected Fellows of that society:—Messrs. George Atwood, George Turner, and Charles Evans.

This morning at eight o'clock upwards of 170 under graduates of this University, educated by the fathers of their respective colleges, entered the Senate House to undergo examinations for the degree of B. A. for which they will be presented on Saturday next.

The subject of the Seatonian prize poem for the present year is—*The Old Age of St. John the Evangelist.*

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

These rooms have become very attractive; and it is pleasing to infer from the crowds that throng them, the indubitable fact, that the fine arts are gradually rising in interest among us. Ten years ago, even the novelty of such an exhibition could command comparatively few visits; but now, the slightest collection of pictures opened in any part of the metropolis, is certain of its concourse and appreciation.

Upon more leisurely inspection, we find no reason for altering any of the general opinions we gave in our last Number; but at present we shall only make a few additions to our remarks in that way, without entering upon more minute criticism to justify them. There are several fine productions, which, on account of having seen them before at Somerset House, &c. we have not noticed here. Among these, *Hofland's* Ancient City by Moonlight, appears to great advantage. No. 163, a View on the Usk, by the same artist, is sweetly pencilled; and he has some smaller studies from nature, displaying great taste and truth. No. 48, Rouen—*J. Crome*, is the Cyprian picture, alluded to in our last. No. 189, View on the Thames near Chertsey, by *W. Daniel*, is a chaste and clever performance; the subject is well chosen, and well treated. 90, Notre Dame Poitiers, *Geo. Jones*, has a singularly beautiful effect; the duskiness of the atmosphere is admirably managed, and imparts uncommon interest to the scene and figures. 245, Bivouac of Cossacks, by the same, is a perfect gem. 95, Yarmouth Beach, by *G. Vincent*, is one of that artist's best works. 126, Pembroke Castle; 242, View near Porlock, *G. Samuel*, are also good specimens of his talents in landscape. 182, Ambleside Waterfall, *T. Fielding*, is another of the views which deserve to be specifically mentioned for their excellence. 216, Dulcot Mill, *J. Wilson*,

proves that this engaging painter has lost none of his feeling for the softer graces of nature. 219, The Interior of St. Paul's, South Aisle, *G. Fogg*, does credit to his hand. We were not acquainted with his capacity for this style, and rejoice to see a rising artist produce so just and solemn an emotion in a species of art so different from what we have been accustomed to from his pallet. 222, Sheep, from nature, and it may be said, in nature, for they are charmingly painted, by *C. Cranmer*. 254, Chatelard playing the lute to Mary Queen of Scots, is the most meritorious work we have seen from the pencil of *H. Fradelle*. 260, A Highland Piper in an English Village, *A. Fraser*. Not being acquainted with the name of this painter, we are glad of an opportunity to direct notice to a debut very creditable to his studies. 274, Knaresborough Castle, *Chas. Deane*; and 275, a Brook Scene, *T. C. Lewis*, both charming pieces, and an honour to these artists.

The pieces we have thus briefly enumerated, are those which most struck us in re-surveying the walls of the Exhibition; but still our examination has to plead the apology of not being carefully made. Had we been more particular, we must have spoken of the productions of *Shee*, of *Reinagle*, of *A. Cooper*, of *Stewardson*, of *Watson*, of *M. T. Ward*, of *Stark*, of *Mrs. Ansley*, of *Mrs. Carpenter*, and a considerable list of our young and improving school. Upon the whole, the Exhibition deserves the public favour; and we rejoice to learn, that many of the pictures have been already disposed of, to encouragers of native talent.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

To Poverty.

Yes, meagre Poverty! I'll woo thee still,
And bear with patient agony thy reign;
For lasting good, oft springs from partial ill,
And future pleasures, flow from present pain.
Thou teachest me the woes, the many feel,
On whom the sun of fortune never smiled;
From thee, I learn, those deep-felt wounds to heal,
Which want inflicts upon misfortune's child.
Then, tho' I bend beneath thy cheerless sway;
Altho', I feel those woes the world call thine;
They'll teach me to reflect, in happier day,
The poor man's keenest sorrows once were mine.
Then, should kind plenty e'er thy place supply,
The sons of wretchedness I ne'er will flee;
For, gratitude to Heav'n, will say, that I
Should do for them, what others did for me.
* J. H.

SONG.

Why doth sorrow shade, love,
Those eyes of heav'nly blue?
Were diamonds ever made, love,
To be dissolv'd in dew?

* This pleasing, moral, and natural little address, is written by Mr. Hartnoll, whose published poem is noticed in our review; it is in much better taste than his *Cypress*, and shows improvement. Ed.

Chase those tears away, love,
For whence should spring thy fears?
When faith and truth decay, love,
Those eyes may droop in tears.

But faith shall ever last, love,
And truth shall ever bloom,
'Till all my hours are past, love,
On this side of the tomb!

N. L. S.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(If written at Sea.)

1.

'Tis ere on the ocean,
The breeze is in motion,
And briskly our vessel bounds forth on its way;
The blue sky is o'er us,
The world is before us,
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!
Why sorrow thus blindly
For those who unkindly
Could launch, and then leave us on life's troubled
sea?—

Who so heartlessly scant
The little we wanted,
And denied us the all that we asked—to be free!
But we've 'scaped from their trammels—the
word is "AWAY!"

Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!

2.

On—on we are speeding,
Whilst swiftly receding
The white cliffs of Albion, in distance grow
blue;
And that gem of earth's treasures,—
That scene of past pleasures,—
The land of our childhood, fades fast from our
view;
But still thy heart's swelling,
My turtle-eyed Ellen,
What rocks it to us that we leave it behind?—
Dark ills may betide us,
But Fate cannot guide us,
Where foes are more bitter,—or friends are
less kind,
Than we've found them at home;—but the word
is—"AWAY!"

Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!

3.

Now twilight comes round us,
And dimness hath bound us,
And the light-house looks forth from its sur-
beaten height;
Like Hope's gentle beamings,
Thro' sorrow's deep dreamings,
Or the lode-star of memory to hours of delight!
'Tho', self exiled, we sever
From England for ever,
We'll make us a home and a country afar;
And we'll build us a bower
Where stern Pride hath no power,
And the rod of oppression, our bliss may not
mar.
We have broken our chain,—and the word is
"AWAY!"

Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!
1816.

A. A. W.

* This song, arranged by Mr. Parry to the
air of "The Ash Grove," was written for the
first number of his "Welsh Melodies."

SONG.

Think not when beauty flies, love,
Joy turneth weak, Joy turneth weak,
And that all shall have gone, we most prize,
love,
When faded the bloom from the rosy cheek.

Nor think, sweet love, when we waken
From fancy's sweet dreams, from fancy's
sweet dreams,
The heart remaineth forsaken,
By love's more genial beams.

Affection then is felt, love,
Increasing with time, increasing with time,
In the heart where in vigour it dwelt, love,
Though slumbering in youth's prime:—
Till roused with sweetest emotion,
We shall know its force, we shall know its
force,
When mingling with all our devotion,
We own its unearthly source.

ELVIDA.

BIOGRAPHY.

[No department of the original plan of the *Literary Gazette* has baffled us so much as that devoted to contemporary biography. To get at the real facts of individual life, except through the distorted representations of enemies, or the partial colourings of friends, is rarely possible; and memoirs obtained in either of these ways cease to be useful or interesting. Under these considerations we have almost abandoned our biographical pursuits; and materials (such as they are) for not a few Lives, are quietly deposited, under the emblematic tie of a black string, in our obituary receptacle. The following characteristic anecdotes of the late Dr. M'Leod, for which we are indebted to a friend, form, however, a sketch of so striking a nature, that we trust our readers will thank us for not consigning them to the same fate. We had felt that such a man as M'Leod ought not to descend into the silent grave without some literary record; and we are gratified at being enabled to offer even so slight a tribute to his memory. His popular publications have made him generally known; and in the private circle of his friends he was heartily beloved.]

Some Account of the late John M'Leod, M.D. author of the *Voyage of the Alceste*, in a Letter from a Traveller to a Friend.

My dear G——. Our late friend, Dr. M'Leod, evinced the same ardour of feeling and disposition in youth which marked his subsequent character*. He was placed under the tuition of his friend, Dr. Wood, of Perth, when almost a child, being only ten years old. Soon after his being put there, it happened that the price of meal had greatly risen, and a merchant of the town, wishing to take the benefit of the markets when advantageous, was loading a vessel at Perth with that article. The inhabitants of the town became apprehensive, that if their meal should be taken away, the same want would afflict them which oppressed their neighbours; and therefore resolved that none should leave the place. For this patriotic, but lawless purpose, they assailed the merchant's house, and demolished his store. The riot increased to such a degree as to oblige the magistrates to call on the military for assistance. Their attention being directed to the harbour, where the

Dr. M'Leod was born in the parish of Bunnhill, in Dumbartonshire; his father was a calico printer in the same place; his grandfather by his mother's side was a Stuart, and fell at the battle of Culloden, with two of his brothers, fighting in the cause of the ill-fated Prince Charles.

unfortunate vessel lay, among others who were drawn thither by the occurrence, was Dr. Wood, when to his astonishment he saw his young pupil M'Leod there, the foremost of the rioters, on the top of the mast, cutting away the rigging, and cheering up a companion of his, (also a pupil of Dr. Wood's,) with, "Cut the cables, Dan Stuart; cut the cables, Dan, and then she cannot go." The Doctor, however, soon allayed the ardour of his young patriots, by the denunciation of a good whipping.

In the year 1798, government having held out great inducements for medical men to enter the naval service, Mr. M'Leod embarked on board a ship bearing Lord Gardner's flag, as surgeon's mate. He was subject for a short time to the tricks played off on all green-horns who first enter into that classical place, the cock-pit, from which have emerged so many thousand brave and learned men, Hawkes, Howes, St. Vincents, and Nelsons, Smollets, Trotters, and Blanes; and from which we hope many more will yet arise. He did not, however, long remain the passive subject of their mirth, but soon became a chief actor in all their rude hilarity. On one occasion, they having exceeded the bounds of propriety, it became necessary to punish severely the inhabitants of the mid-ship birth, of whom he was one. It was, therefore, entirely pulled down. To satirize this severe punishment, Mr. M'Leod wrote over the ruins, additional encouragement for surgeons' mates. Fortunately for him this sarcasm did not reach the ears of the captain, or it might have been attended with something still more unpleasant.

In 1801 he was made a surgeon, and soon after was reduced, in consequence of the peace.

The younger surgeons of the navy having at that time no half-pay, and M'Leod being too high-minded to depend on any one but himself, he went into the African trade. This voyage he has related with great vivacity†. On his arrival afterwards in the West Indies, the war having re-commenced, he was appointed by the commander in chief at Jamaica, surgeon of the Pickle schooner. On one of her cruises she was attacked by a superior force; it became necessary for every one to exert himself, and although it was his particular place to be out of the combat, he chose to be in it. The commander put into his hands the only musket which was fired during the action. They beat off the enemy, and soon afterwards heard that the only loss had been from musketry: a proof of his skill, as well as cool intrepidity.

He served in the *Volontaire*, in the Mediterranean, in 1808 and 1809; and whenever her boats were sent on any fighting duty, he generally contrived to be of the party, under pretence of being ready to afford surgical aid, but really for the delight he had in naval enterprise; for had any been called on, it would have been more particularly the assistant surgeon.

A convoy from Toulon, for the relief of Gerona, in Spain, was escorted by a large naval force, but was intercepted and after-

† See *Literary Gazette*, No. 181.

wards destroyed. He was then surgeon of the *Tigre*, one of the ships detached for that purpose. All on board being strangers to the coast near Cette, in Languedoc, he piloted the ship close in to the place from a drawing which he had made in the *Volontaire*, when that ship was meditating an attack on it.

I must now however observe, that he was no less attentive to his medical duty, than partial to naval enterprize. Although exceedingly gay, and fond of being on shore, yet when his duty called him on board, no one was more indefatigable. It happened that the *Volontaire*, when at Malaga, had several men dangerously ill of the bilious fever. The principal Spanish nobility and gentry, in their delirium of joy at their recent escape from French domination, were endeavouring to show all the civility in their power to the officers of the English frigate, and the latter were enjoying it: yet nothing would induce M^rLeod to leave his patients, although he might with much propriety have occasionally trusted to his assistant for a short time.

His African voyage shews his happy disposition: and in some of the scenes which he describes in his *Narrative of the Alceste's Voyage*, he was a principal actor; particularly in buoying up the spirits of his shipwrecked companions on the Island of Pulo-leet with the hopes of succour, and encouraging them to second the efforts of their brave commander to resist the attacks of their fiend-like foes, the Malays. He was equally active in extinguishing the fire which broke out in the *Cæsar* on their passage home, and threatened them with destruction after all their perils. We have lately had a truly appalling and pitiable proof of their danger, in the destruction of the *Abeona* transport, under very similar circumstances: for the fire broke out in both vessels in the same place, and was in each equally rapid in its progress; but there being more presence of mind and vigor in the former case than in the latter, they were saved. A delay of five minutes more would have destroyed the *Cæsar*.

The voyage of the *Alceste*, so pleasing from the liveliness of its descriptions, is well known to most readers. A little while after its publication M^rLeod had the honour of Doctor of Physic conferred on him by the University of St. Andrews. He was about this time appointed surgeon to the Royal Sovereign yacht. The royal passengers were much delighted with him.

Always ardent in his friendships, he proved, both by pen and personal exertions, a most active and successful partisan of Sir Murray Maxwell, when that gallant officer stood candidate for Westminster. In the disgraceful outrages which took place during that celebrated contest, he received a serious injury in his lungs from a bruise. It produced a spitting of blood, and he seems never to have been thoroughly well afterwards.

He retained his vivacity to the last, though labouring under two depressive diseases, dysentery and ulceration in the lungs. * *Get-*

ting very thin, as he expressed it, he took lodgings in a small house at Chelsea, to be near the kind attentions of Mrs. Hoppner. "Well," said he to a friend who called on him, "if I am really to go, I trust I shall not need to be ashamed to show my face in the other world." He expressed to me a wish to have a Bible, and the mistress of the house brought him a family one. She had shown him much attention; and after his decease, on opening her Bible, she found a five-pound note folded in a leaf, which contained the 5th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. There was the mark of a large cross, apparently made with a finger nail, against the 10th verse. He does not seem to have had a conviction that the disease would terminate fatally till about the last hour. In the middle of the night the nurse heard him say, "Stop, stop till I get my hat, and I'll come." About seven he said to her, "I am really going now. Run for S—." I set out instantly, but ere I reached his lodgings he was gone aloft.

He died on Thursday, the 9th of November, 1820. He was only 38 years of age. We buried him at Chelsea; and in his funeral we adopted that simple unostentatious mode, of which he was so characteristically fond in all things during life. Sir Murray Maxwell, Mr. Murray, Dr. Hutchinson, Mr. Gray, and two officers of the yacht, bore the pall.

Dr. M^rLeod had a very quick perception and strong memory, and retained a most accurate idea of what he had seen. He formed his opinions almost intuitively: yet he must be considered rather a sciolist than a profound man. Had he been less quick, in all probability he would have been more scientific. His practice as a surgeon partook of his character. It was bold and prompt; and he was very successful. His humanity was most conspicuous, and he uniformly attended his patients with the greatest solicitude.

You will perceive, I have endeavoured to put together a few anecdotes of our late friend; but as I was not with him in the more active scenes of his life, my account is very imperfect. I am, with the greatest esteem, your devoted friend. J. S.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—We are assured that Deshayes, and the corps de ballet for this theatre, will be in London by the time this sheet goes to press; and that there is now no doubt but the opera season will commence in the first week of March.

* At the Radical Dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, where it was determined to drink no wine or excised liquors, M^rLeod attended with a party of friends, occupied a part of one of the tables, and poured out regular libations of port to every aqueous toast given from the chair; taking also the liberty of altering those of a revolutionary stamp into loyal sentiments. He was too strongly posted for the company to interfere; and this *imperium in imperio* continued without interruption till eleven o'clock, when the assembly separated, and our cavalier related his adventure to us with great spirit.—Ed.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday Mr. Wallack appeared in the arduous character of Richard the Third, in which any thing short of the highest endowments is a failure. Such failure was his. Were Richard a young man of twenty, a sprightly lover, and a gallant chevalier, Mr. Wallack's representation of him would be excellent: but he is the victim of deformity, if not of years; his love is hypocrisy, and his bearing a mixture of fierceness and infernal policy; and all these the actor fell short of impressing in the manner expected from the part. The nicer shades which mark the powerful portrait of the tyrant by Shakespeare, were not in this delineation; and however respectable the abilities of Mr. Wallack are, they are inadequate to Richard. In another line he is always seen with pleasure: in this he could only be tolerated by strangers to the best theatrical efforts.

Miss Wilson was excused on Wednesday, on account of illness: in other respects the Sultana of Drury Lane, and the Duke Mirandola at Covent Garden, have continued to draw crowded houses.

The Oratorio.—These performances made their commencement for the year, at Drury Lane, on Tuesday. There will now be an interval till March. The selections were from *Handel* and *Beethoven*, with a miscellaneous act. The novelty of the night was *Madame Camporesi*, whose voice, always pure and sweet, has received a great addition of tone, taste, and execution. She is now an admirable singer. She has still something to attain for first rate excellence: but she has fine powers for musical delight. A new bass singer, *Mr. Cutler* gave evidence of professional knowledge. His voice was not clear.

Dramatic Chat.—A new Opera is in rehearsal at Covent Garden, founded on the favourite comedy of the "Chances." This comedy was the production of the noted friends, Beaumont and Fletcher, and was brought forth in the year 1643; its fable was taken from a novel by Cervantes, called "Lady Cornelia." Becoming in about 40 years somewhat old-fashioned, the Duke of Buckingham undertook its alteration and improvement. Again outliving the mode, Garrick, in 1773, new dressed it for the public, and performed Don John, the character which most of any in the piece must be assisted with the actor's skill, or the whole drama sinks into insipidity. Charles Kemble, we hear, is to be the Don John on the present occasion.

Kean's absence from England is to extend to two years, during which period his engagement with Drury Lane is suspended, not broken off. When he has finished in America (where by the by, they have been giving feasts in honour of him) he purposes returning to France, and thence passing into Italy and Greece; thus taking a peep at the ancient classical, as well as at the new world.

The young lady whom we mentioned in our last as forthcoming in tragedy, is, we learn, a Miss Dance. She has a fine countenance for the stage, and has already rehearsed. Her father was (and perhaps is) a teacher of music.

VARIETIES.

Natural Curiosity.—Professor Chavannes has presented to the Society of Natural History, Lausanne, the remarkable petrification which was discovered in Monrepos near Lausanne, in cutting through an eminence composed of sand-stone, when a loose fragment of rock split open, which contained a fan-shaped leaf in a fossil state in good preservation, of the Low Palm (*Chamærops humilis*) without thorns, which is known to grow in the South of Italy and Spain. This curiosity has been deposited in the Society's Museum.

Different effects of Wine.—Horace has humorously alluded to the various effects produced by wine, on different people. One man, under the influence of the vine God, weeps in maudlin sorrow; another becomes merry and vivacious, aye, and loquacious to boot; a third grows quarrelsome, and throws the bottle at the head of his nearest companion; and a fourth goes sottishly to sleep. When Addison and Steele dined together, such widely different effects were produced from the same cause, that the former only began to be witty and facetious, by the time his friend had absorbed enough wine to make him dull and lumpy. Shakespeare's Cassio goes to prayers in his cups; and Justice Shallow, who whilst he is sober, is as "silent as an oyster," no sooner has swallowed a few beakers of wine, than he becomes noisy, and roars catches. We have an old proverb, that Satan lies at the bottom of an inordinate cup. If this be the case, wine-bibbers will probably feel disposed to argue with the old wife in the song, that

"Twould surely be a burning shame,
To leave the Devil a drop!

Origin of Copyright, and the first Literary Piracy.—The first appearance of any thing in the shape of a legal security granted to authors for their productions, is referred, by Mr. D'Israeli, to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. No book was allowed to be published without the permission of the licensers of the press, who were instructed, for the better protection of literary property, only to give one licence for the same book. This does not, however, appear to have had the desired effect, since these persons were easily tampered with by the booksellers of those days, to furnish half a dozen authorities to different persons for the same work. In Queen Anne's reign, the office of licenser of the press was done away with, and literature received a more definite and decided protection: a limited term was granted to every author to reap the fruit of his labours; after which a man's right in his own work ceased altogether. This has been the case ever since.

The first protection of literary property may, however, be traced to a much earlier period, namely in 1514, in Italy, during the pontificate of the accomplished Leo X. who granted to Beroaldo, the editor of the five books of Tacitus (brought by Angelo Arcamboldo from the

Abbey of Corvey, in Westphalia), an exclusive right to the profits of his labours. To effect this, Leo denounced sentence of excommunication against any who should reprint the work without the permission of the proprietor, besides a penalty of two hundred ducats, and the forfeiture of the whole impression. At the end of ten years this injunction was to cease, and the book to become general property. Notwithstanding the exertions of the Pontiff the work was pirated, and printed at Milan the same year by Manuziano, who had established himself there as a publisher, in opposition to Aldus Manuzio. He appears to have obtained the sheets of Beroaldo's Tacitus surreptitiously, long before the impression was completed—probably by bribing some person employed in the printing office of Manuzio: he was cited to appear before the Pope; but owing to the interference of his friends, the fine was remitted, and sentence of excommunication only passed upon him. A compromise was afterwards entered into between Manuziano and Beroaldo; and thus terminated the first literary piracy!

Remarkable Stone.—The *Mnemosyne*, a Finnish newspaper, mentions a stone in the northern part of Finland, which serves the inhabitants instead of a barometer. This stone, which they call *Ilmakiuri*, turns black or blackish grey when it is going to rain, but on the approach of fine weather it is covered with white spots. Probably it is a fossil mixed with clay, and consisting of rock-salt, ammoniac, or saltpetre, which according to the greater or less degree of dampness of the atmosphere, attracts it or otherwise. In the latter case the salt appears, which forms the white spots.

The Russian American Company has received news from its colony at Stikla, that there are Russian families in the North of Behring's Straights, whose ancestors were driven there by a storm about a century ago. The directors of the company expect, in a short time, a circumstantial account of this remarkable occurrence.—*Daily Papers*.

Lord Byron has taken a house at Seigné, a beautiful village about 10 miles from Paris, where he intends to reside for some time.

The Canal of the Nile, from Rosetta to Pompey's Pillar near Alexandria, is now finished, and has only to be brought up to the Old Harbour. The bad work, however, promises very little advantage to navigation.

Dramaticus wishes us to publish selections from the play-bills of the day, which, he asserts, contain more fun than the farces, more humour than the comedies, and more sentiment than the tragedies now acted. We are as willing as the painter of antiquity to please every body, and would even, like the poor man in the fable, make our Literary Gazette an ass to carry all its hidden burthens; but we put it to Dramaticus, how is it possible for us to give the red-linked panegyrics of Miss Wilson from Drury Lane, or the blue-linked announcements of the Blue Baron, (so whimsically in ridicule) adopted from the Surrey? After all, these are not very offensive expedients to attract public notice.

M. Comte, the famous Parisian conjuror, announces his intention of playing off a truly original trick, namely: that he will make a lady vanish from among the audience, and that in a few minutes she shall be found in a black velvet ridicule.

New Atlas of the Russian Empire.—Lieutenant Colonel Pjadieschen, of the military topographical depot at St. Petersburg, is going to publish a Geographical Atlas of the Russian empire, the kingdom of Poland, and the principality of Finland, pointing out the post and great roads, according to the latest and most authentic accounts. This atlas contains as many maps as the empire does governments and provinces; and the names in two languages, viz.: on the map of the kingdom of Poland and the government of Wilna and Grodno, and the provinces of Belostock, Kiew, Minok, Wolhinia, Padolia, Witelsk, and Mohilew, in the Russian and Polish languages; on the maps of the governments of Livonia, Ehstonia, and Courland, in the Russian, Prussian, and German; in the maps of Finland, in Swedish; on the other maps, in Russian and French. A general map in the same languages is annexed, as also a table of the distances of the principal towns from each other on the post-roads in wersts. This atlas will consist of 70 sheets.

We understand that Miss Porden has a poem, in sixteen books, called "Coërdelion, or the Third Crusade;" which will probably make its appearance in the course of the Spring.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JANUARY 1821.

Thursday, 25 — Thermometer from 26 to 44.
Barometer from 30, 56 to 30, 51.
Friday, 26 — Thermometer from 35 to 41.
Barometer from 30, 51 to 30, 50.
Saturday, 27 — Thermometer from 33 to 38.
Barometer from 30, 49 to 30, 28.
Sunday, 28 — Thermometer from 31 to 34.
Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 18.
Monday, 29 — Thermometer from 31 to 39.
Barometer stationary at 30, 18.
Tuesday, 30 — Thermometer from 30 to 51.
Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 26.
Wednesday, 31 — Thermometer from 40 to 53.
Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 35.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KENNELWORTH CASTLE.—When we copied the title of this now doubly interesting place, as an ornament to our page, and an elucidation of our review of the *Romance*, we were not aware that it was private property. The fact however is, that the print of this picturesque ruin is the sole property of Messrs. Merriweather & Son, booksellers, of Coventry, who published it at considerable expense, from the drawing of Beighton. These gentlemen, in correcting our inadvertency, have, with the liberality belonging to all true lovers of the Arts and Sciences, requested only this acknowledgement of the source whence we derived our impression; convinced, we are sure, that the not doing so in the first instance, must have arisen from ignorance of the circumstance, in a Journal which never, knowingly, copies one line without just acknowledgement.

ERRATUM.—Page 56, line 39th, 1st column, for "Cassius" read "Cassio."

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The Publishers of the New Monthly Magazine, have the pleasure to acquaint their subscribers and the public, that they have now completed their arrangements for conducting the New Series of this Journal in a manner that will, they trust, meet with their decided approbation.

Aware that the taste for Literary Essays has long since increased far beyond the means of gratification afforded by the Old Magazines, they have enlarged their plan in order more fully to gratify the public curiosity, and have at the same time met the wishes of their subscribers by printing the original Essays in a large type, similar to those in the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews. They have also still further improved on the old plan by arranging the pages so that the Miscellaneous departments of the Magazine will form a distinct volume at the end of the year, thus combining in the same work the several characters of a Magazine, a Review, and an Annual Register.

Under the superintendence of the present Editor, the pages of this Journal will be devoted to the contributions of persons of the highest talent, it being the determination of the publishers to present to the world a Journal adapted in every respect to the present state of society and its increasing desire of knowledge and perfectibility.

The Publishers conceive it would be an insult on the understanding of their readers to enter upon a serious refutation of the false and absurd insinuations contained in the last Number of the Old Monthly Magazine, and in some recent advertisements. The public are sufficiently acquainted with that work and its Editor, and are also aware that the *First Series* of the New Monthly Magazine was commenced seven years since in direct opposition to the pernicious principles so industriously disseminated through its pages. The good effects of this opposition are now apparent, and the publishers of the New Monthly Magazine have therefore only to congratulate themselves on their exertions having been crowned with such complete success.

* The second Number of the New Series, containing the continuation of Mr. Campbell's Lectures on Poetry, and a variety of other interesting Articles in Prose and Verse, was published on the last inst. and may be had of all the Booksellers and News Vendors.

The Embellishments will in future be of a very superior order. The next Portrait will be that of **SIR HUMPHREY DAVY**, accompanied by an authentic Memoir of his Life, Scientific Discoveries, &c.

No. II. of

THE BRUNSWICK, or True Blue; to be conducted under the joint Editorship of the authors of "The Letter from the King," (published by W. Turner, Stationer to his Majesty, 69, Cheapside), "The City Address Exposed," and "A Letter to the House of Commons," (published by W. Sans, bookseller to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, 1, St. James's Street), will be published To-morrow. It will be printed in the form of this Paper, contain every essential of a weekly Journal, and the price will be seven pence only. Gentlemen in the country wishing to receive this Paper, to contain Saturday night's Gazette, by the mail of that evening, will be pleased to address an order, (post paid, and with a town reference,) to the Editor, at Mr. Sans's, Bookseller to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, No. 1, St. James's Street.

Physiognomical Portraits, price 2s.

Containing Specimens both of Engravings and Letterpress. **THE PROSPECTUS** of a new and interesting COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS, from undoubted Originals, engraved in the Line manner, by the most eminent English Artists. Accompanied by concise Biographical Notices in English and French. To be had of the following Book and Print-sellers, viz.: John Major, Skinner Street; Robert Jennings, Poultry; Longman, Hurst, and Co. Paternoster Row; J. and A. Arch, Cornhill; Boosey and Son, Old Broad Street; Taylor and Hessey, Fleet Street; Robert Triphook, and Carpenter, Old Bond Street; Clarke, New Bond Street; Hurst, Robinson, and Co. Cheapside; Clay and Co. Ludgate Street; Colnaghi and Sons, Cockspur Street; Molteno, Pall Mall; Cribb, King Street, Covent Garden.

Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia complete.

THE PROPRIETORS beg to inform the Public, that complete Sets of this valuable Work, which is just completed in 45 volumes, including the Plates, may be now had of all the Booksellers.

Of all the Encyclopædias to which the original and celebrated Dictionary of Chambers has given birth, the Cyclopædia of Dr. Rees is the most comprehensive. The long life of the learned and indefatigable Editor has been unremittingly devoted to its improvement, aided by his numerous and able Coadjutors. The elegant and accurate engravings of Lowry, Milton, and Scott, which illustrate the Publication, are in themselves of superior utility and value, and render the Work unique in this popular class of Publications. In order, indeed, to insure every perfection in their power, and to fulfil their original promises, the Proprietors have expended upwards of Three Hundred Thousand Pounds on the Work.

The Subscribers to this Work are requested to complete their Sets immediately, as some of the Parts are scarce, and will shortly be entirely out of print, when the Proprietors cannot engage to complete them.

The London Magazine.

MEMNON'S HEAD.—A Print of this celebrated ancient Monument, added to the Curiosities of this Country by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Belzoni, will be given in the February Number of the London Magazine, published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. The principal articles of that Number will be as follows:—1. Memnon's Head; oracular and poetical. 2. On Reading Old Books; (Table Talk.) 3. Visit to La Trappe. 4. Signs of the Times; (by the Editor.) 5. Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist, (by Elia.) 6. Edgeworth Benson's Travels and Opinions, (No. 2.) This Series of Articles will include a full disquisitive Review of the present Manners, Morals, Politics, and Literature, (ancient and modern) of France and Italy. 7. Pulpit Eloquence, (one of a Series of Notices of popular Preachers, to be regularly continued.) 8. Garrick and Foote's Correspondence. 9. Critical Notice of Kenilworth Castle. Also a Review of *Mirandola*, the successful Tragedy; with a variety of Articles, in Prose and Poetry, not specified in the Advertisement,—the object of which is only to point out a few of the more prominent features of the Publication.

Valuable Library.

By Mr. BULLOCK, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday, Feb. 14, and following day, at 1 precisely.

AN extensive and very valuable Library of Books, a few illuminated Roman Missals, and MSS. the property of P. Dick, esq.; comprising—folio, Wilson's History of Great Britain, very finely illustrated; State Trials, 6 vols. 1 p.; Millin's Peintures et Vases antique, 2 vols.; Linnæus's Sexual System, 2 vols. coloured plates; Hodge's Views in India, Imperial folio; 4to. Philosophical Transactions, 18 vols.; Prevost's Histoire des Voyages, 19 vols.; Aitkin's general Biography, 10 vols.; Ottey's History of Engravers, 2 vols. 1 p.; Martin's Works, coloured plates; Edwards's Birds, 7 vols. coloured plates, and other coloured works in natural history; 8vo. Harleian Miscellany, 12 vols. 1 p.; Biographical Dictionary, 32 vols.; Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, 6 vols. illustrated; Seward's Anecdotes, 4 vols. illustrated; Burnett's History of his own Time, 4 vols. illustrated; Monthly Review, 140 vols.; also the works of Bacon, Boyle, Buffon, Bolingbroke, Cicero, Dryden, Evelyn, Fielding, Goldsmith, Gray, Goss, Gibbon, Hogarth, Hume, Hope, Ben Jonson, Milton, Pope, Roscoe, Robertson, Shakspeare, Spenser, Smith, Swift, Smollet, Tacitus, Voltaire, and other classic authors of the best editions, in elegant bindings; also a few very finely illuminated Roman missals, in high preservation, and some curious and valuable Arabia and other MSS., particularly a fine MS. copy of Dante. To be viewed, and Catalogues had 2 days preceding.

PICTURES.—By Mr. BULLOCK, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday, February 9, at one precisely.

A SMALL COLLECTION of Italian, French, Flemish, Dutch, and Spanish PICTURES, comprising a few fine Cabinet and Gallery Specimens, the property of a private gentleman; particularly a set of the Twelve Apostles, very finely coloured, by Spagnoletto; Buonaparte at Moscow, by Franque; and the original colossal bronzed Figure of Napoleon, 12 ft. high. To be viewed, and Catalogues had, two days preceding.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Price 6s.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW; or, Critical Journal, No. LXVIII. Contents.—1. Mitchell's Aristophanes. White's History of Dublin. 3. Curwen's Observations on the State of Ireland. 4. Gambie's Views of Society in Ireland. 5. Kater on Pseudulums. 6. Quaker Poetry. 7. Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London. 8. Mademoiselle de Tournon; a French Novel. 9. State of Science in England and France. 10. Osley's Tour in Botany Bay. 11. Hazlitt's Lectures on the Drama. 12. Marcani Columna; by Barry Cornwall. 13. Parliamentary Reform. Quarterly List of New Publications. Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, all the preceding Numbers.

Under the Patronage of his Majesty the King of France. By R. Ackermann, 101, Strand.

NO. II. PICTURESQUE TOUR of the SEINE, from PARIS to the SEA; illustrated by Four highly coloured Engravings, and 32 pages of Letter-press; 4to. elephant, price 14s. each number; a few copies on large paper, 21s. This Work, when completed in six Monthly Parts, will correspond with the Tour along the Rhine; Buenos Ayres; Histories of Oxford, Cambridge, Colleges, Westminster Abbey, &c. &c. Part X. English Lakes, four coloured plates, 6s. Part V. Syntax in Search of a Wife, 3 plates, 2s. Part XXVI. of the Cabinet of Arts, four plates, 2s.

NEW SOUTH WALES; being an Historical Account of the Colony and its Settlements: with Twelve Views, from Drawings by Captain Wallis, super-royal folio, 21s. 2s. Also, in two neat pocket volumes, price 12s.

ILLYRIA and DALMATIA; being a Description of the Manners, Customs, Dresses, and Character of their Inhabitants, illustrated with 32 elegant coloured engravings. This work forms the first division of a series, which will embrace the different nations of the Globe, under the title of *The World in Miniature*.

Lithographic Works,

Printed by C. Hullmandel, for Rodwell and Martin, New Bond Street.

COSTUME OF PARIS. Drawn from Nature, and on Stone by J. J. Chalon. Numbers I. and II. To be completed in Four Numbers, each Number containing six coloured plates. Price 12s. each, super-royal folio.

VIEWS illustrating the ROUTE of the SIMPLOW. Drawn from Nature by Major Cockburn, and on Stone by I. D. Harding. Numbers I. to V. To be completed in twelve numbers, each Number containing five plates. Price 8s. super-royal folio.

VIEWS illustrating the ROUTE of the MONT CENIS. Drawn from Nature by Major Cockburn, and on Stone by C. Hullmandel. Numbers I. to V. To be completed in twelve Numbers, each Number containing five plates. Price 8s. super-royal folio.

TWENTY-FOUR VIEWS of ITALY. Drawn from Nature, and on Stone by C. Hullmandel. Price 12s. 10s. medium folio.

ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENTS, or a Collection of Friezes, Rosas, Capitals, Entablatures, &c. &c. Drawn on Stone by A. Aglio and other Artists. To be completed in ten Numbers, each Number containing ten plates. Price 7s. 6d. imperial quarto. Nos. 1, 2, 3.

COSTUME OF PERSIA. Drawn from Nature by Orlovski. To be published in seven Numbers, each Number containing six plates coloured. Price 18s. super-royal folio. Nos. 1, 2, 3.

LITHOGRAPHIC SKETCHES. By F. Nicholson. Nos. 1, 2, 3, each containing six plates. Price 8s. atlas quarto.

THREE VIEWS and a PLAN of the CHATEAU des ROCHERS, belonging to the celebrated Madame de Sevigné. Drawn from Nature and on Stone by C. Hullmandel. Price 10s. 6d. super-royal folio.

MANUAL of LITHOGRAPHY, explaining the whole process of printing from Stone, the accidents which may occur, and the mode of avoiding them. Translated from the French by C. Hullmandel. Price 6s.

Sold also by W. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and J. Cumming, Dublin.

In 3 vols. post 8vo, price 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.
KENILWORTH, a Romance, by the author of *Waverley*, *Ivanhoe*, &c. &c. Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 49, Chesham, London. Of whom may be had, by the same author,

1. *The MONASTERY*, a Romance, 3 vols. 12mo. Price 1l. 4s. boards.
 2. *The ABBOT*, a Romance, 3 vols. 12mo. Price 1l. 4s. boards.

Price 7s. 6d. illustrated by numerous engravings.
THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL No. VII. Conducted by Dr. BREWSTER and Professor JAMESON. Contents:—Cuvier's Historical Biogeography of Werner. Account of the recent Chemical Researches of M. Berzelius, and his Pupils. M. Humboldt on the Distribution of Heat over the Globe, &c. Account of Alexander Scott's Captivity among the Arabs of the great African Desert, by Dr. Traill, (with a Chart.) Sir Thomas Brisbane on the Computation of High Water. Outlines of Professor Mohr's New System of Crystallography and Mineralogy. Dr. Barnes' Account of Mr. Robert Bowman, who has completed his 110th year. Observations on the Florida, or Gulf Stream. Dr. F. Hamilton on a Map of Asia (with an Engraving.) M. Runkel on the Solar Eclipse of Sept. 1820. Dr. Daubeny on the Volcanoes of Australia. Mr. Marrat on a new Method of Working Lumps. Dr. Gibby on the Respiration of Plants. Captain Macmurdo on the Earthquake at Cutch. Rev. Mr. Jameson on Bee-Hives. Mr. Scoresby of the Currents, &c. of the Greenland Sea, (with a Plate). Inquiries concerning the Magnetism of the Earth. Account of Sir Isaac Newton's Investigations respecting Double Refractions and Polarisation. Dr. Brewster on Comprotnits. Rev. Mr. Dunbar on Bees. Notice of the Progress of the Arctic Land Expedition, under Lieutenant Franklin. Notice of Captain Parry's Voyage of Discovery, by Professor Jameson (with a Chart). On two burning Volcanoes in Central Tartary. Dr. Wollaston on Sounds. Dr. Brewster on a New Double Microscope. Account of the Discoveries of M. Orsted, respecting the connection between Magnetism and Galvanism, and the subsequent researches of Sir H. Davy, M. Ampere, and M. Blot. Mr. Perkins on the Compressibility of Water. Mr. Oxley on the Variation of the Needle in New Holland. Reply to a Note in the *Annales de Chimie*. Dr. Traill on the Specific Gravity of Sea Water. Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Proceedings of the Wernerian Society. Scientific Intelligence, &c. Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Longman, Hurst, and Co. London. Of whom may be had, all the preceding Numbers of this Journal, price 7s. 6d. each.

Annual Biography for 1821.

In 8vo. 15s. boards.

THE ANNUAL BIOGRAPHY AND OBITUARY for the year 1821. Containing Memoirs of Celebrated Men who have died in 1819-20. Biographical Notices. Neglected Biography. Analysis of recent Biographical Works. The present volume contains, among other interesting Lives, those of the late King George III.; the Duke of Kent; Sir Joseph Banks; Grattan; Arthur Young; West; General Mudge. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, Vols. 1 to 4 of the above Work, price 15s. each.

The second edition, in 2 thick vols. 8vo. (closely printed, and illustrated with nine plates by Lowry, &c.) price 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

SYSTEMATIC EDUCATION, or Elementary Instruction in the various Departments of Literature and Science, with Practical Rules for Studying each Branch of useful Knowledge. By the Rev. W. SHEPHERD, the Rev. J. JOYCE, and the Rev. LANT CARPENTER, LL. D.

The authors of this Work have had it in view to offer such elementary Instruction as may afford a good preparative for future reading, to point out the best sources of farther information, and to compress, within a narrow compass, a great fund of important knowledge, which could only be obtained by the perusal of a multitude of volumes.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

Handsomely printed in small 8vo. with ten plates, price 7s. 6d. a new edition of

A NEW SYSTEM OF DOMESTIC COOKERY, formed upon Principles of Economy, and adapted to the use of Private Families. Comprising also the *Art of Carving*, Observations on the Management of the Dairy, and Poultry Yard; Instructions for Home Brewery, Wine, &c.; Cookery for the Sick, and for the Poor; many very useful Miscellaneous Receipts and Directions proper to be given to Servants both in Town and Country. To which is prefixed, an Essay on Domestic Economy and Household Management, comprising many Observations which will be found particularly useful to the Mistress of a Family. By A LADY.

"This is really one of the most practically useful Books of any which we have seen on the subject. The Lady who has written it, has not studied how to form expensive articles for luxurious tables, but to combine elegance with economy, she has given her directions in a plain sensible manner, that every body can understand; and these are not confined merely to cookery, but are extended to a variety of objects in use in families, by which means the utility of the book is very much increased indeed."

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street; sold also by every other bookseller in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Of whom may be had, lately published, **THE NEW FAMILY RECEIPT BOOK**. A new edition, greatly improved, handsomely printed in small 8vo. price 7s. 6d. boards.

Price 3s. 6d. neatly half bound. A new edition of **STORIES SELECTED FROM THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND**, from the Conquest to the Revolution, for Children.

"I was led, (says the author in his Preface) to tell my little girl the following Stories, which I found to amuse her in a very high degree, without having any of the disadvantages which result from relations merely fictitious. My principal object was not to instruct but to amuse, and I therefore did not attempt any thing like a course of history; but, as I have, in general, adhered to historical facts, and departed from it only (when history was doubtful or silent) in favour of some popular prejudices, whatever lasting impression may be made on the young mind will be, on the whole, consistent with truth, and conducive to its further and more substantial improvement. As these stories have appeared to answer my purpose in the individual case, I think it right to offer them to the public, and shall be glad to hear that they are as successful in other families as they have been in my own." Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

Vols. 3 and 4, 8vo. 24s.

LECTURES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF MODERN HISTORY, delivered in the University of Dublin. By GEORGE MILLER, DD. M. R. I. A. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In 8vo. 9s. 6d.

HISTORY OF THE SEVERAL ITALIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING, with Observations on the present state of the Art. By J. T. JAMES, M.A. Author of *Travels in Germany*. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

3 vols. 8vo. 36s. Second Edition.

EUROPE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. By HENRY HALLAM, Esq. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF FENELON, with other Biographical and Historical Tracts. By CHARLES BUTLER, Esq. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

8vo. 15s. a new edition of

THE DIARY OF AN INVALID, being a Journal of a Tour in pursuit of Health; in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France, in the Years 1817, 1818, 1819. By HENRY MATTHEWS, Esq. A. M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

12mo. with a plate, 12s.

THE BIOSCOPE, or Dial of Life Explained. By GRANVILLE PENN, Esq. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Nos. 11 and 12, (completing the work),

A PICTURESQUE TOUR IN ITALY, Illustrative of Addison, Eustace, Forsyth, &c. consisting of Sixty-three Engravings, by the first Artists, from Drawings by James Hakewill, Architect, and J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

* * * This Work is now completed, and may be had, 4to. proofs, on India paper, 18l.; 4to. proofs, 10l. 16s.; 4to. prints, 7l. 10s.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Lord Byron's Works.

A NEW and very beautifully printed edition of **LORD BYRON'S POEMS**, comprised in 5 vols. foolscap 8vo. price 35s. will be published in a few days, by John Murray, Albemarle Street. Twenty-two Plates to illustrate the Works, engraved by Heath after Westall's designs, are sold separately, 30s.

In 4to. 3l. 5s. 8vo. 2l. 2s. and 6s. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

A NEW SERIES, consisting of Twenty-one Plates, to illustrate **LORD BYRON'S WORKS**, Engraved by Charles Heath, from Drawings by R. Westall, R. A. With a Portrait, engraved by Armstrong, from the original Picture. By T. PHILLIPS, R. A. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

8vo. 10s. 6d.

FABLES FROM LA FONTAINE, in English Verse. "Full of wise saws and modern instances;" with Miscellaneous Notes; and a poetical Introduction, addressed to the Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Sidmouth. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

8vo. 8s. 6d. a third edition,

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM. A Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN, Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading; and late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Handsomely printed in 4to. uniformly with Park's and Barrow's Travels, with Maps, &c. 2l. 8s.

TRAVELS IN NUBIA AND IN THE INTERIOR OF NORTH EASTERN AFRICA. By J. L. BURCKHARDT. With a Life and Portrait of the Author. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In 8vo. 8s. 6d. a new edition of

ANECDOTES OF HIS OWN TIMES. By DR. WILLIAM KING, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

A new edition, in one vol. small 8vo. with 4 plates and a general Chart, price 7s.

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY TO COREA AND LOO CHOO. By Captain BASIL HALL, Royal Navy, F. R. S. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In a few days, a fourth edition, in one vol. small 8vo. **WHISTLECRAFT'S PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN OF AN INTENDED NATIONAL POEM**. Cantos I, II, III, and IV. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Speedily, 2 vols. small 8vo.

THE POEMS OF CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS Translated. With a Preface and Notes. By the Honourable GEORGE LAMB. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In a few days will be published, in one vol. small 4to.

MEMOIRS BY JAMES EARL WALDEGRAVE, K. G., one of His Majesty's Privy Council in the Reign of George II. and Governor of George III. when Prince of Wales; being a short Account of Political Contentions, Party Quarrels, and Events of Consequence, from 1754, to 1797. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In a few days, with plates, from the Drawings of C. Cockerell, Esq. 8vo.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ATHENS, with some Remarks on its Antiquities. By Lieut.-Col. LEAKE. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, by W. POPE, 67, Chancery Lane: Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the Literary Gazette Office, 302, (Exeter Change) Strand, where Communications, (post paid) are requested to be addressed to the Editor.